

# THE MUSICAL TIMES

AND SINGING-CLASS CIRCULAR

FOUNDED IN 1844

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

No. 950.—Vol. 63  
Registered at the General Post  
Office for Canadian Postage

APRIL 1 1922

Price 6d.; Postage 2d.  
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DOROTHY SILK

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# The Musical Times

AND SINGING-CLASS CIRCULAR

APRIL 1 1922

## BRITISH PLAYERS AND SINGERS :

### IV.—DOROTHY SILK

It is just two years since the name of Dorothy Silk became really generally known in the musical world. Miss Silk sang soprano solos at the Festival given in the spring of 1920 by the London Bach Choir under Sir Hugh Allen, at Westminster, and since then she has had a place of her own in English music. Jealous, exclusive barriers tumbled down at the sound of this dainty, fine singing. Miss Silk has sung at great functions; but also at what a proportion of the interesting little functions, where beats the pulse of the body musical! Without much baffled striving or heart-breaking rebuffs, Miss Silk sang her way into the inmost courts.

The fact is, that once you have heard this singer, you can be sure of certain things. For instance, that the things sung are what the singer cares about; that taste here is a much bigger factor than vanity. You come to count on this singing, whether it is at a cathedral festival or at some out-of-the-way little celebration of the *poete minores*, for just expression, fitness of degree, beauty in humility, a good rare thing, anyhow.

The warnings, so frequent and so justified, against this profession of singing are that it is the cruellest, the most risky, most overcrowded—just like, of course, every other profession. Still, after all it does depend on the singer, and there is the agreeable reflection in this case of Miss Silk that the harsh world's heart can have a tender spot even for a singer who is not a perfect physical prodigy.

### THE COLORATURA SCHOOLING

To ask Miss Silk to talk about herself, about how and why she does this or that, about the catalogue of her acclaimed appearances and so on, savours really of brutality. She has, even to excess, the musicianly point of view that there is so little to 'say' about these things. She shrinks:

'You see, it is so natural that I should sing as I do. And my choice of what to sing is not a learned scholar's choice. The Purcell and Schütz and Rutland Boughton and Armstrong Gibbs music that I have chosen to sing is just the choice of my natural inclination among things that chance has put in my way. I make for what appears to me to be beautiful, and if other folk find it beautiful too, why, that is a stroke of luck, and I can go on.'

But as for going on talking, Miss Silk is to be persuaded only on high disinterested grounds—

on the ground of increasing appreciation of her favoured 17th century composers, and on the ground of encouraging newer singers on their path by some account of her own advancement:

'My family (a Birmingham family) was not musical, but I have sung since I was a babe, and I first sang in public at the age of four. It was on the advice of Dr. Lierhammer that I went to Vienna to take lessons from Röss. Röss disappointed me. I wanted, then, nothing so much as to be coached in German lyrics, in the interpretation of Hugo Wolf and Brahms. Röss, who was Selma Kurz's teacher, believed in a coloratura training. I would get him to hear me interpret a song of Wolf. He would listen without interest or comment, and then turn me back again to "Una Voce poco fa." Now I can understand better the force of his method, and appreciate the benefit of a schooling in coloratura. My two years at Vienna were just before the war, and they were wonderful, for I was saturated there in music—such days and nights of concert and opera, and, among the best things, the afternoons at Busoni's, when he played on and on!

'When I came back to London I paid to be heard in public—I was naive. It may possibly be the best thing to do in the circumstances—but I dislike the idea, something seems wrong about it. Whatever benefit that might have come, anyhow, was dashed by the war, and I went to the Highbury Hospital at Birmingham to serve as a housemaid.

'Singing in the provinces was the rest of my training. Perhaps this will make a little hint for others. Do not singers often make a mistake by singing prematurely in London? It occurs to me that singing oratorio with the less ambitious country choral societies, and songs at all sorts of variegated little concerts, is a real training in bearing up before an audience, and in all manner of other ways. Isn't it the English singer's equivalent for the foreign singer's drill in a small opera-house? Of course, at the same time, I don't want—it is the very last thing to want—to hear of anyone's private little ideal being drowned in a long routine of being all things to all audiences. But this surely doesn't necessarily follow.'

### PURCELL AND HIS AGE

The talk veered, as it was bound to do, to the 17th century music which, after these two winters of Miss Silk's 'Concerts of Old Music,' she must forgive us for regarding as her particular realm. She is almost anxious lest overmuch credit go to her for the inception of those memorable afternoons:

'The credit goes first to a dead lover of music, Edward Amphlett. He was killed in

the war. He had a passion for the old things, and spent much time collecting scores of Tunder and Schütz and such-like. He was killed, and his scores were left to my very good friend Miss Constance Layton. It was she who inveigled me into delving there, so the second credit goes to her. And there are other people to be credited. Some friends had mentioned my name to Sir Hugh Allen, and he sent for me to sing to him at Oxford. I expected little enough then that anything would come of it, but the next thing was that I was asked to sing at the Bach Choir's Festival in London [1920].

'Well, I confess I have always been unenterprising and diffident. The Festival was my tonic. Sir Hugh's encouragement spurred me on. Then that summer I sang at Wigmore Hall with Mr. Murray Davey, and after Schütz's *Quando se claudunt*, Mr. Ernest Newman asked why such beautiful old things hardly ever came to light. I reached the point of writing to all the members of the Bach Choir asking for their interest in four concerts of old music during the next winter. I had most wonderfully kind letters back, and the concerts were given, and people came, and, thanks to the good artists who helped me for the least possible fees, the concerts escaped a loss. Now this winter there have been four more, and the guarantors were not called on—in fact, I think we were a pound or two to the good! Many people came, and the kindest things were said—I suppose because the concerts were not of a hotch-potch sort, they had one thread running through them. And then perhaps because there has been a great deal heard of a later sort of music which one gets to feel strained, inflated, artificial. People said they found a new freshness in such music as Purcell's *Expostulation of the Blessed Virgin* and his *Evening Hymn*.'

The talk lingered round Purcell and the sweet water of his well of song, and round the editions of Purcell, the inadequacy of some and the desirability of the Purcell Society's majestic volumes. Then the mention of a dark little Bloomsbury shop into which actually volumes of the Purcell Society had been known to drift made a drastic interruption of mere talk in favour of action. Immediate excursion was indicated, and so (the reader is asked to excuse the irrelevancy) the dark shop was straightway sought out, and did indeed yield up three volumes of the majestic edition! Such was the reward fate held stored for Miss Silk, an offset to the distaste of half-an-hour's talk mainly about herself.

#### LATTER-DAY MUSIC

Miss Silk does not live wholly in the 17th century, and she does not intend to be restricted, as some artists have been restricted within barriers set up by their very excellence

in a special activity. Alongside her singing of old music she has done as much in the field of modern English work which can fairly be compared to the old music in single-hearted feeling and freshness. She pays homage to Vaughan Williams, Gustav Holst, Rutland Boughton, and Armstrong Gibbs:

'Holst's *Savitri* and Rutland Boughton's *Bethlehem* were experiences as thrilling as I have ever had. *Bethlehem* is so wonderful because it shows that quite new original music can still be "simply beautiful." Every Christmastime *Bethlehem* ought to be sung everywhere, all over the country, instead of those atrocious, stupid pantomimes. Are not *The Immortal Hour* and *Savitri* two of the most beautiful operas ever written? When people complain that there are no English operas they have, I suppose, eyes only for something like *The Ring* or else *Pagliacci*. They look for something that naturally isn't here, and so miss the good things that are.'

Then Miss Silk speaks with warm feeling of other English musical leaders, notably of Dr. Harold Darke, of St. Michael's, Cornhill, and of Dr. W. G. Whittaker, of Newcastle. Asked for a word on the technics of singing, she says:

'I know, after all, only my own difficulties, and they are not likely to be another's. I have a natural voice, I suppose, and I sing now much as I have always instinctively sung. But my tongue has been an unruly member—I mean it has wanted a deal of discipline. Beginners perhaps might usefully exercise themselves more than is common in tongue-control. I know the inclination I have to resist when singing—it is an inclination to an excess of tautness all over the body, and I have to order myself to relax, to loosen, tongue and all.'

We attach for documentary interest a summary of the programmes of Miss Silk's 'Ancient' concerts in London:

1. Schütz, Trio, *Sanguis, Jesu Christi*. Tunder, cantata, *Ah, Lord, let Thy dear Angels*. Christian Ritter, cantata, *O Amantissime Sponse*. Bach, cantata No. 32, *Blessed Jesu*.
2. Bach, Organ Preludes. Tunder, cantata, *O Jesu dulcissimi*. Bach, aria, *Come, make my heart Thy throne* (cantata No. 80). Schütz, solo, *O sweetest, O loving Jesu*. Bach, cantata No. 51, *Praise God in all Lands*.
3. Purcell, two Fantasias (string quartet). Schütz, cantata, *Lord our Ruler*. Bach, four songs from *Schemelli Hymn-Book*. Bach, cantata No. 55, *I, wretched man*. Bach, aria, *Comfort sweet, my Jesu comes* (cantata No. 151).
4. Bach, duet, *O Righteous God* (cantata No. 23). Tunder, three short cantatas, *By the waters of Babylon, Our little Baby King, Sleepers, wake*. J. C. Bach, cantata, *Ah, of water*. Purcell, aria, *The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation*. Schütz, Trio, *Anima Christi*. Bach, cantata, *Blessed Jesu*.
5. Schütz, duet, *Give to me, O Lord, a pure heart*. Hammerschmidt, duet, *Now wherefore beholdest*. Bach, aria, *The soul in Jesu's hand* (cantata No. 127).

Schütz, tenor solo, *I will praise the Lord*. Fasch, String Quartet. Purcell, *The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation*. Bach, aria, *What God's splendour* (cantata No. 194). Bach, cantata No. 155, *My God, how long*.

6. Dowland, duet, *Lachrymæ Pavan*. Purcell, duet, *Shepherd, leave deceiving*. Henry Lawes, songs. Pepusch, cantata, *Alexis*. Padre Martini, three Italian catches. Bach, B flat Partita (harpischord). Bach, *Peasant Cantata*.

7. Bach, Organ Prelude and Fugue. Tunder, cantata, *O Lord, let Thy dear Angels*. Schütz, duet, *Hearken to me*. Bach, aria, *Fulfil, O Heavenly* (cantata No. 1). Bach, aria, *Fall asleep, ye cares* (cantata No. 199). Bach, cantata No. 57, *Blessed is the man*.

8. Purcell, duet, *Upon a quiet conscience* ('By Charles I. of Blessed Memory'). Tunder, three cantatas (see fourth programme). Bach, aria, *It is finished* (cantata No. 150). Purcell, *An Evening Hymn*. Bach, Motet, *The Spirit also helpeth us*. Bach, songs from *Schemelli Hymn-Book*. Bach, cantata No. 115, *Soul, make ready*.

Miss Silk's collaborators were Miss Helen Anderton, Miss Margaret Champneys, Miss Norah Dawnay, Miss Flora Mann, Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse, Mr. John Adams, Mr. John Bateman, Mr. Clive Carey, Dr. Harold Darke, Mr. Albert Fransella, Dr. Goodey, Mr. John Goss, Mr. Hinchliff, Mr. Alfred Hobday, Mr. John Huntingdon, the Pennington String Quartet, Mr. Stuart Wilson, Mr. Frederick Woodhouse, and Dr. W. G. Whittaker and the Newcastle Bach Choir.

C.

## MODERN MUSIC: AND A WAY OUT

BY RUTLAND BOUGHTON

[One or two details discussed below apply only to Great Britain; the main trend of the article has to do with modern musical tendencies throughout the world.]

We must look to the village organist to save us from the evil thing that is called modern music.

Sound of all kinds, from the love-notes and alarm-notes of birds to the music of human beings, has been so intimately and habitually associated with emotion that there has arisen in the minds of many people an entirely false idea of the real relationship between emotion and musical art. From that false idea have developed most of the evils that trouble us in modern music.

Let us put aside the cant of modernism and (those of us who have been moved to reaction) the cant of medievalism, and consider what have been the elements of great musical art—what music has gained, what it has lost, from the time of the Elizabethan Renaissance until to-day; then we shall know what it were well for us to keep, what to give up, what try to recapture, and so readjust our musical studies for the future. Let it always be remembered that the attitude of the non-professional music-lover is the thing that counts: it will be found at one end of the mental scale in the tunes preserved by uncultured people, at the other end in the formulated opinions of people enjoying a general, balanced culture.

In folk-music the conscious thing is the outline, the impression, the thing that is taken for granted.

The shape rather than the mood of the tune is what ensures its permanence. Words of varying and contrary feeling will be sung to the same melody, which lives by virtue of its formal beauty rather than by its expressional power and associations with verse. The tunes of folk-songs have often outlived the words, but I believe there are very few examples of verses surviving their music, except in collectors' books. However primitive an example may be chosen, it is the relationship and balance of phrases that make of melody a work of art: it may be the mere repetition of a puerile phrase, but the need to repeat the phrase is the outstanding consideration for the creator rather than the mood the tune evokes. Or it may be so lovely a melody as the *Londonderry Air*—it is still the inter-relationship of phrases that makes it great of its kind: the power of the finest moment in this tune is due less to its emotion than to the craftsmanship which has so exquisitely intensified its beauty by dovetailing its phrases. The musical mentality of even comparatively unintellectual but strongly-feeling people preserves tunes of just such quality—tunes in which construction counts for more than emotion.

Folk-art is of all kinds of art obviously freest from the personal equation, inasmuch as in it the arbitrary will of the individual counts for less than a general though non-deliberate sense of fitness.

Passing to the conscious art of the Elizabethan composers we find that their works are largely folk-tunes, decorated or otherwise exploited; but the tunes are an excuse rather than a necessity, and it was intellectual rather than emotional excitement that the composers counted on. Byrd and his fellows spoke of 'the science of music,' and the fact that it was associated with emotional and spiritual conditions of mind was simply taken for granted. The chief joys of Elizabethan music are the deliberate adjustment of woven threads, economy of material, and richness of effect. The skill of the musical craftsman is always equal to a clear statement of whatever inwardness there may be in his subject. He is never in the slightest danger of emotional floods. Even the austerity of Gibbons and the power of Bull are severely workmanlike, and in the humour of Weelkes and the tenderness of Giles Farnaby there is no undue freedom of the expressional element. There are, indeed, very few examples of early English music in which the discharge of an emotional current deprives one of the sense that the composers sought their pleasure almost entirely in a consciousness of intellectual beauty.

Nor is there any radical change until the time of Beethoven. Scarlatti, Couperin, and Purcell develop a more specialised sense of harmony, and lose something of polyphonic intricacy and beauty, corresponding to the decline of Gothic and the rise of Palladian in architecture; but the major beauties of the three composers mentioned are those of conscious design and balance *plus* an equally conscious kind of musical wit—rarely are they concerned with a need for emotional relief or



expression; that remains the inevitable but subconscious element of the art.

Bach carried out with greater complication and mastery the principles which guided the Elizabethans; Haydn, Gluck, and Mozart more powerfully the suggestions at work in Purcell. An emotional undercurrent in the work of the great 18th century German composers is certainly more evident than in the English music of the 17th century; but the scientific element is proportionately developed. There is a stronger discharge of feeling in a Bach fugue and a Haydn symphony than in a madrigal of Byrd or an overture of Purcell; but the conscious control of the means of expression remains the paramount joy of the musician.

The pressure of emotion begins with Beethoven, continually increases in volume and intensity out of all proportion to the power to shape it to fine art, grows more 'romantic,' personal, and extravagant, until a sense of the beauty of achievement and a knowledge of the achievement of beauty are displaced by a morbid desire to pour out personal feelings irrespective of beauty and decency.

Now all the considerable composers of music previous to the time of Beethoven lived ordered lives—lives not merely as musical craftsmen, but craftsmen responsible in some degree to municipal or ecclesiastical organizations, royal courts, or aristocratic households; they had to make music for definite purposes—civic ceremonies, church services, royal home-comings, or for the fuller life of an aristocracy which sported in art and music rather than in cards and pheasants. Such routine work not only kept the craftsmanship of composers in good order, but the discipline of their lives correlated their sense and feeling with that of their fellows: from such a relationship inevitably resulted a fellowship of pride in art as between creator and recreator, ordinate technical demands, and a similarity of emotional range.

Beethoven lived a disordered not to say disorderly life, deprived of the discipline of ordinary duties, civic or domestic, and it is very significant for an understanding of the value of proportioned intellect and emotion as the focus of an art-work to realise that the anchored masters concentrated on the former, Beethoven and the drifting composers on the latter.

Unsuitable and ungoverned expressional elements entered (as in the history of Greek sculpture, Gothic architecture, and all art) at the moment of fullest perfection. The unreined tides of Beethoven have precedent in the Chromatic Fantasia of Bach and certain movements of Haydn, where feeling outruns the means of technique, and floods the music with intellectually vacuous passages consisting, for example, of the long drawn use of a single chord, generally the diminished seventh. But it was left to later composers to show the full neurosis of a deintellectualised music. We have most of us experienced and enjoyed the sensation of being

lost in a whirl of emotion, but few would actually choose the fleeting joys of such experience rather than the enduring joys of intellectual beauty with their strange power to become augmented in retrospection. So, despite the deliberately fostered passions of 19th century music, culminating in the unreserved soul-exposures of Wagner (in his music—not his autobiography, though one is literally *on all fours* with the other), there was at the same time an attempt to save music from complete nakedness, or at least hide its ill-manners, by wrapping it in the cloak of an intellectual idea. Putting aside the mild reactions of Mendelssohn and Brahms, we see in the works of Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Berlioz, Tchaikovsky, and Wagner a steady loss of music's natural self-formative principle, accompanied by an increasing use of the said cloak. Most of these composers could fashion a small thing well, and leave it standing in its own purely musical strength, but their larger works are either (like the Symphonies of Schumann) naked, unshapely, and shamed, or (like the Symphonic Poems of Liszt) hiding their passion-feeble frames in a cloak borrowed from another art. The earlier, healthier, and more competent composers seldom attempted passionate, emotional expression, never unless they were satisfied that their technical equipment was equal to the preservation of their music as an art-work; they seemed to realise that if an intellectual quality were not inherent in the structure of music, were not its first and outstanding requisite, the essential laws of musical art would be broken, and the appeal to mankind become morbid and nervous rather than spiritual and astringent.

From the non-recognition of this we see before our eyes to-day the degenerate and deintellectualised offspring of 'pure emotion' in music committing suicide. Expression rather than control having become the motor-power of musical activity, it is open to the passions to whirl us in whatever direction they may happen to get blown. So long as feeling is governed, only certain feelings are allowed expression. Once feeling runs its own race it discovers a whole realm of trivial moods and wild insanities such as intellectualised art disdains to touch; and the spirits of ugliness and destruction abolish the final intellectual bondage of euphony itself. It was no merely coincident phenomenon that synchronous with the Great War we reached the period of deepest musical degradation, hinted in certain devil-may-care passages of Strauss, accepted as fair development by the middle-class experiments of Scriabin, shamelessly avowed in cretinous babble by Schönberg and Stravinsky (it is curious how sibilants enter into the names of these musical dissolutes!), and shamefacedly echoed by the small sinners who have followed them.

The earthquake has happened. Civilisation has to be built anew in music as in human amity. It was no irrelevant reaction that made so many of us feel on returning to civil life that almost the only clean and uncloying music was that of an earlier



age. But Byrd and Bach do not answer all the musical questions of our time, and it is now for us to find a way to fresh, lovely, and self-standing forms of art no less than to new, noble, and rational conditions of world-citizenship.

Electing chiefly to follow the lead of the servants of intellectual beauty and the masters of art, we must not fail to learn many things from those artistic philanderers who have been in a measure slaves of their moods; for, just as during the decadent period of Greek art and civilisation a more spiritual philosophy and the Christian atmosphere evolved, so the music of the 19th century (still sputtering to-day like dregs in a burnt-out cauldron) gives many hints of subtle spiritual qualities little known to the deep-cutting but straightforward workmanship of the 17th, and beyond the conception of the elegant planes of the later 18th century musicians. It was those possibilities flaming out now and again that made possible works like Beethoven's *Mass in D* and Elgar's *The Dream of Gerontius*. And, whatever our relations to the creed that inspired those works, we must admit that spiritual tendencies without a basis of accepted religion are the most futile and treacherous material for art—as we may realise if we observe the increasing association of the worst kind of music with the shadiest kind of spiritualistic solemnity.

However, a remedy for modernism in music and all its attendant evils is very easily to be found. To save musicians from all the chances of vagueness and absurdity there is nothing better than a public appointment.

Now the only musical appointments to-day which are public and sufficiently numerous to serve our purpose are the ill-paid church organists' posts. Municipal appointments as orchestral conductors at holiday places are too few to count, and because they have to cater for the special appetites of idle and irresponsible people they do not serve any real and permanent musical need. To dish up a salad of symphony and rag-time, shop-ballad and comic song, so that no possible loafer can complain that his requirements have not been considered, contributes practically nothing to the musical development of the country. Much more to the purpose is it to provide by arrangement or composition the necessary stuff to suit the continuous musical needs of a village or small town. The country organist is the man who has to do this, he being the only music-maker with an acknowledged standing; but he has to do most of it free, and look to a teaching connection to provide him with the means of livelihood. And so the more important part of his work—the provision and preparation of pieces for the local brass band, choral society, and possible party of fiddlers—is scamped. And because of the poor reward for his service to God and the lack of payment for his chief services to man, only the feeblest among musicians drift into these jobs, though they are the first line of our musical communications, and should be given to the very pick of the students of

our musical colleges. The 'most promising young composers' should in the natural order of things spend the first years of their professional employment in small centres of population, arranging and composing pieces for small choirs and bands, providing bits of tunes for amateur theatricals, and so on. The most promising of young musicians would soon find that practical experience of small things will add at least as much to his education as he can learn from the united wisdom of his teachers and predecessors. At present the best of our musical students are allowed to spend too much time on big works for combinations (and involving a proficiency of technique and even a peculiarity of idiom) such as are to be found only in the biggest cities. Therefore the poor things naturally stay in the big cities afterwards, eat their heads off for livelihood, and their hearts out with hope of recognition deferred. Recognition is waiting for them in every small place in the country. The livelihood is a more difficult problem, but not so impossible as it was a year or two ago, when for the first time permission was given to the local authorities to show their appreciation of the educational (and politically sedative) values of music by means of a halfpenny rate. But the butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker will never agree to the payment of that halfpenny while the pretence continues of getting the job done by ill trained or even untrained blacklegs. Some kind of trade union may have to be developed to ensure the material welfare of the people who make music in country places, so that it may cease to be regarded as a decent thing to ask a musician to play an organ for a few pence an hour, or train a choir for nothing on the chance of getting a few paying pupils for pianoforte or singing. Such posts once placed on a secure economic basis would attract many of the clever young men and women now getting in one another's way in London. Once settled in small places and required to provide a certain amount of original music or music arranged for special local limitations (and the greatest composers were all arrangers at times, sometimes in larger measure than is generally realised), then there will be a speedy end to the tomfoolery of modernism; then once again the primary importance of good craftsmanship will be apparent, and it will be accounted a more decent life to help a dozen people to sing a Madrigal of Wilbye or a chorus especially written for the occasion, than to mystify a dozen fools by pretending to genius by clapping together counterpoints which, owing to an absence of intellectual discipline, are unable to encounter each other at any point without snarling and spitting. The dissonances of Weelkes, Bach, and Wagner serve to emphasise a prevalent euphony which is the sure sign of mastery, and the truest acknowledgment of beauty in music. Many of the dissonances of modern music are either a measure of the feebleness of the modern composer's equipment or the feebleness of his wit. The pilloried critics in *Heldenleben* make material for a good

enough joke; but such a joke has only to be underlined often enough to become very dull. Similarly the lady-like harmonic growth so carefully fostered by the followers of Debussy is charming enough in its place; but that place is certainly not the greater world of music-lovers. Spicy overtones and sour counterpoints have no very distinguished future in the general world of music: that was proved by the reception given by the Coliseum audiences to a silly thing of M. Milhaud a few months ago. The public will have intelligible music—superficial music if left to its own resources, better music if given the chance of learning the more enduring pleasures of the fruit of a finer discipline. But musical education cannot be given to masses. The real hope remains with the small places; and if our cleverest youngsters are too superior to take on so obscure and limited a task, they may yet see more old-fashioned musicians pass them by while they continue to amuse themselves with the senile grimaces of modernism; for the greater part of modern music has not enough youthfulness and endurance to become old-fashioned.

#### MADRIGALISTS AND LUTENISTS

By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

(Continued from March number, page 162.)

Despite that unfortunately equivocal phrase—too often quoted—'apt for viols and voices,' the importance of the words in the structure of the Madrigal can hardly be too much emphasised. The words supplied the composer with the equivalent of the subjects and second subjects which came later. He chose out salient features of his lyric, and having matched them with musical phrases, developed those phrases into his polyphonic texture. The result of this development might from its (secondary) purely musical value be 'apt for viols,' but the original subject-matter was based upon the words, and the entire Madrigal was vocally conceived to the end of expressing them. This is not in any way invalidated by the fact that the madrigalists in expressing their words happened to reiterate them. This reiteration was an established part of the Madrigal idiom, but it was not merely a convention. Farmer, in *Fair Phyllis I saw sitting all alone*, devotes an important imitative passage of ten bars' length to setting five words, 'up and down he wandered.' He may have had many reasons for doing this. It can be assumed with tolerable certainty that he had two: he wished to convey the extent of the wandering, how often and how patiently up and down the shepherd sought for his lass 'whilst she was missing'; he knew, or felt, that the structure of this particular Madrigal called for some such steadying passage of sustained interest at that point. Further reasons he may have had; but that he was interested in his imitation and indifferent to his text was not one of them.

I have tried to show already how sensitive a response to what psychologists call marginal suggestion the madrigalists displayed in their choice of what we might term *motifs* in the lyric; how readily and how variously their fancy caught up an allusion or recalled a memory, how widely its net was cast. That choice was made with an equal sensitiveness to the question of balance, which in a free form like the Madrigal is a peculiarly subtle matter. This is harder to illustrate by examples, but a study of any Madrigal by one of the great men should show what I mean. 'Load every rift with ore' is rather a perilous injunction to the craftsman gifted with a fertile imagination. The rifts may be overloaded, or unnecessary incisions made for the insertion of precious metals. Given a high standard of technique, a lively invention, a form singularly free from restrictions, and a strong contemporary feeling for 'points' and 'conceits,' there is bound to be a risk of over-elaboration. No Elizabethan craftsmen were more exposed to this risk than the madrigalists, and none avoided it with more signal discretion than they. Either by handling their *motifs* with extreme lightness and delicacy or by enlarging the proportions of the whole Madrigal to allow for a more prolonged and profound exposition of them, and by a judicious variation in the kind of point they made, balancing an allusive one by a simpler piece of representative writing, a rhythmical figure by a touch of harmonic colouring, they respected laws of form which were none the less binding for being uncoded and mutable.

The name of Madrigal is now employed to cover all the forms of secular music for combined voices practised in the 16th century, and this looseness of nomenclature has been without doubt a contributory cause to the misunderstanding of the nature of the Madrigal. Nomenclature was loose enough in those days. Morley and others frequently employ the term Canzonet for their slighter madrigalian writings, and Gibbons calls his one volume, whose contents are all of a grave nature, *Madrigals or Motets*. But they did feel a certain difference between the true Madrigal and the infinitely entertaining smaller fry which was afterwards lost sight of. The Ballet was sharply differentiated by the introduction of *Fa-la* passages between the regular clauses of the lyrics chosen for setting in this style; and apart from the Ballet, the treatment of the words is generally a touchstone. In the Madrigal they are, as I have said, reiterated, often at considerable length, and moreover closely studied and made much of. In the lesser forms they are set more straightforwardly, and the texts chosen do not as a rule allow for the same intentness of expression which is a feature of the Madrigal. 'These,' says Morley, arduously defining Canzonets, Neapolitans, Villanelles, and Ballets,\* 'and all other kinds of light musick

\* He is hard pressed for it at times. 'There is likewise a kind of songs . . . called *Iustinianas* . . . a wanton and rude kind of musick: it is, and like enough to carrie the name of some notable Curtizan . . . for no man will deny that *Iustiniana* is the name of a woman.'—*Plaine and Easie Introduction*.

sensitive marginal in their he lyric ; y caught w widely with an balance, gal is a illustrate l by one I mean. perilous a fertile ded, or rtion of dard of ngularly mporary s bound abethan than the re signal ng their y or by drigal to rofound ation in allusive riting, a louring, e none utable. yed to r com- ry, and without under- Nomen- Morley anzonet Gibbons all of a they did Madrigal which et was f *Fa-la* e lyrics rt from ially a I have h, and In the lly, and for the feature duously s, and music

saving the *Madrigal* are by a general term called *aires*.'

The Air of the lutenists was a different matter from these, but it has something in common with them besides its name. The true Air was intended for performance by a solo voice to the accompaniment of the lute. But the form in which many (not all) volumes of these airs were published allows also for their performance by combined voices, the Air itself being treated as the top line of a simple part-song, based upon the harmonies of the lute-part. The simplicity is very far from that of the simple part-song as we understand it. The vocal writing has a clarity and distinction which mark it as a product of the greatest age of polyphony; indeed, some of these four-voice settings approach the madrigalian standard of interest. But their texture is slighter, there is less rhythmic independence, and the words are set straightforwardly. Altogether, these four-voice versions have just that degree of value that befits a subsidiary alternative, skilfully and honestly constructed, and the Morleian use of the term Air fits them well enough. It is in the Air as a solo song that we must look for what is significant in this *genre*. Thus considered, they are of the highest importance—an importance that has, until Dr. Fellowes drew attention to it, been completely disregarded.

The first book of Lutenist Airs was published in 1597 by John Dowland. It bears this title: *The First Book of Songs or Ayres of Four Parts, with Tablature for the Lute. So made that the parts together, or either of them severally, may be sung to the Lute, Orpherian, or Viol de gambo*. The amount of innovation involved is scarcely conveyed by the title, which suggests at first sight that these Airs were little more than an accommodating variety of combined vocal writing with an instrumental accompaniment *ad libitum*. Some allowance must be made for the fact that many contemporary title-pages showed this tendency to oblige (witness the 'viols and voices' formula), a tendency due, not to the indifference of composers as to the way their works would be performed, so much as to a realisation that those works, if successful, might sometimes be performed under conditions involving some degree of substitution about which it would be desirable to give friendly advice. This, however, is a small factor in a misunderstanding which arises almost inevitably in the 20th century mind confronted with the 16th century. For the last fifty years the commonest form of domestic music has been the song. I do not refer only to the domestic music of the cultivated: there its relative preponderance is less marked. But if every strata of society be considered the song is an easy first in popularity. In 1597 this was not so. Though the possibilities of the single voice in art-music had already begun to attract the attention of musicians, their experiments (such as the verse-anthem) were tentative. If the single voice was a new element in their music, still newer was the quality which we now insensibly connect with

it. I mean that particular variety of vocal curve which we call Tune. The musical idiom of the day was polyphony; and the material of that polyphony was Figure, not Tune.\* Composers were of course perfectly aware of the existence of Tune. In their instrumental writings they frequently took folk-songs as the basis of a fantasia or set of variations. But this very borrowing of ready-made tunes seems to indicate fairly clearly that they were not sufficiently interested in Tune *per se* to think it worth their while to spend time making them up for themselves.

The composer of Airs, with his vocal interest concentrated in a single line and within the limits of a single stanza, was bound to take this question of tune into consideration. It was not his highest aim; it was seldom his direct one. But it was often incidentally his happy end. His aim was, as the aim of the madrigalists, the expression of his text, or as Dowland puts it in his first Preface, 'that kind of Musick, which to the sweetness of instrument applies the lively voice of man, expressing some worthy sentence or excellent Poeme.'

Not all the means of the madrigalist would suit his purpose. Their rhythmic variety, based upon the true declamation of the text, he retained: and the construction of his lute-part showed that ingenuity of figure and beauty of ornamented cadence which adorned the Madrigal. But ingenuity of figure is not fitted to the single voice, since half its value is dependent upon the imitation of the voice that replies to it, one catching fire, as it were, from another. And the devices of representative and allusive suggestion which are so striking a feature of the Madrigal, legitimate there, become of doubtful legitimacy when they do not fit into a texture. Moreover, they were forbidden by the lutenists' custom of setting but the first stanza of a lyric that usually contained several, it being unlikely, say, that a sting in one verse would be exactly balanced by a thorn in the next; and also by the manner in which that stanza was set, the words being closely followed with very little reiteration. This last consideration, this hand-in-glove alliance of the word and the note, did more than anything else to determine the general character of the Air, and of the melodic development which the Air represented. Shut up with his rhythmic and melodic invention in a small form comparable to the sonnet in the capacities of its 'narrow room,' the lutenist had to apply himself to that proportioning of part to part, that balancing of curve, that exact fitting of the pint into the pint bottle, which is essential to the making of the good tune.

Yet to over-insist upon the tunefulness of the Airs is to risk giving an inadequate impression of their significance. Write good tunes the lutenists

\* It hardly seems necessary (even in a foot-note) to state that the absence of Tune does not in any way compromise the question of Melody. But I do it as a safeguard for those who are not acquainted with the melodic beauty of 16th century polyphony.

did, tunes so singable, so complete in themselves, that two of them, Dowland's *Now, O now, I needs must part* and Ford's *Since first I saw your face*, have had the honour of passing into our stock of common music as some quotations have passed into the stock of our common speech—an honour not without its price, since, with the last line of Lycidas and other mutilated classics, they are generally quoted wrong. But the scope of the lute Airs is wider than this, the attempts and achievements of their composers more varied. Especially is this the case when we come to consider the work of John Dowland. 'Dowland,' says Dr. Fellowes, 'may reasonably be regarded as the greatest song-writer that this country has yet produced, not excepting even Purcell.' The claim is a just one, and it is not only on the score of his greatness as a song-writer that he challenges this comparison. A study of his methods, especially in the later songs, shows that they had many striking points of resemblance to those of the man whom, leaving the palm of greatness out of the question, we must certainly hereafter speak of as Dowland's successor. Like Purcell he has the gift of writing convincing tunes and founding them upon splendid basses. Like Purcell he has a mastery of true and moving declamation and expressive verbal phrasing. And, as with Purcell, one almost forgets these trivial merits in the contemplation of his daring as an innovator, as an original thinker. For myself I agree with Dr. Fellowes, and rank him above Purcell as a song-writer. When his work is completely published, as I hope it soon will be,\* others must make this decision for themselves. Even the most determined Purcellian may forgive me for mentioning two things which help to weigh down the scales in Dowland's favour, since neither of them is the merit of the one man nor the fault of the other. I mean the period when Dowland wrote, and the beauty of the lyrics he set.

However great one's veneration for Purcell's songs, it can hardly be extended to their words. 'Europe scarce can parallel,' even with the Bach cantatas, the frigid balderdash which was too commonly his portion. Yet even if one did not like the Airs of the Lutenists, one might still sing them for the sake of their lyrics. The beauty of these lyrics is proverbial: they are the treasure of the critic, the delight of the anthologist, the hopeless marvel of the poet—one might almost add the envy of the lark and the despair of the nightingale. I am writing for musicians, not men of letters. Yet how many of those who are conversant with these lyrics and acknowledge them as one of the glories of the Elizabethan age know the music that matches them in the song-books whence they were drawn? The one has been taken, the other left. The tradition of Elizabethan literature has never been lost. It weathered the Augustan period, not only through the good offices of the connoisseur, but as a living

thing upon the stage—especially, it is noteworthy, upon the provincial stage. Elizabethan music, no less genuine, no less valuable a part of our national heritage, had not this fortune. And the completest oblivion of all descended, not upon the Madrigal, which was a specifically 16th century form, but upon the Air, the youngest-born product of that age and the one by nature most closely related to the subsequent development of music. It is curious.

Those who account for every little deficiency in the history of English music upon the principles of the Protectionist will find in the sudden death and burial of the lutenist Air a clinching example in their favour; for it was a purely English development, and as such, they will say, doomed to extinction the moment an untaxed alien or damned foreigner (New and Old School) set foot upon our shores. It seems, however, certain that the decline of the lute had a great deal to do with it. The lute has long passed into the Wardour Street emporium of bygone instruments with picturesque names; its tablature presents the student of musical notation with the starkest hieroglyphics; its repertory, though interesting, is a small one; and while I believe that anyone taking the trouble to get a lute and learn how to play it would find it repay his trouble and expense quite as well as a tiger, I do not expect many to do so. Dr. Fellowes in his edition gives him every encouragement, for he reproduces the tablature of the original lute-parts with an exact transcription underneath. He supplies further for each song a pianoforte accompaniment based exclusively upon the composer's own material, but so arranged as to be suited to the keyboard idiom. These arrangements, made with the minimum of alteration, show admirable sympathy and discretion. From the practical point of view they are absolutely justifiable, and from the critical point of view notably so. The lute is a plucked instrument of six strings with no power of sustaining a note, and thus a harmonic rather than a polyphonic instrument. But it was the instrument of a polyphonic age, and the lutenists' accompaniments, especially those of Dowland, are extremely contrapuntal in import, even when the exigencies of lute tablature thwart the full indication of this. The principle followed by Dr. Fellowes in his alternative accompaniments has been to complete the texture sketched in the tablature, which is certainly more representative of the composer's intention than any mere filling out of block chords could be.

The debt which we owe to Dr. Fellowes for the enthusiasm, industry, and good sense by which he has restored to us so much of our national heritage is incalculable. It is thanks to him that the Madrigal, so long condemned to languish in a glass case as a praiseworthy antiquity, is now once more established as a living thing. Of his work in the realm of 16th century Church music this is not the place to speak nor yet the full time. But no aspect of his activities should ensure him more and more grateful debtors than his publication of

\* 'The English School of Lutenist Song-writers.' Edited by Edmund Horace Fellowes. Winthrop Rogers, 1, 2, and 5.



the lutenist song-writers. For here is music of freshness and beauty, of exquisite workmanship, of the most authentically national idiom, and of a very wide range of mood, demanding no more for its performance than a voice and a pianoforte. Here are songs which should do much to rehabilitate the rather disreputable popularity of the song, for they are not difficult when once the singer has adjusted his mind to their rhythmic freedom, a rhythmic freedom which is the natural outcome of a proper accentuation of the words, with just a further touch of delight in rhythmical ingenuity which, so far as my experience goes, is only felt as a stumbling-block by those who have prudishly hardened their faces against all knowledge of rag-time; and withal they are so lovely and sincere as to be proof against the tarnishing of familiarity as against the moth and rust of three centuries' neglect.

### THE LURE OF FOREIGN NAMES

BY ALEXANDER BRENT-SMITH

There are many strange things in the world of music, but none so strange as the fact that the man most likely to win the approval of the populace is the man whose name no one can either pronounce or remember. In every other art, profession, or business, an easily remembered name is indispensable—but not so in music. Should a man be called Brooke or Green he cannot hope for a friendly hearing, but let him baffle the public with a name such as Xaver Stravagansky (or, for short, X. Stravagansky) or Modeste Glazowsky, he will have an adoring and inarticulate crowd flinging their gold and silver in his triumphal way. So that in spite of Juliet's suggestion to the contrary, there is a good deal in a name. Of course it is true that a rose would smell as sweet whatever it were called, but it is fortunate for that flower that its name is both euphonious and rhymable. As it is, the rose on the strength of its name alone has been the maker of marriages ('It was not in the spring-time our loving lot was cast, it was the time of roses,' &c.); but, stranger still, it has been the intensifier of filial affection—the roses round the door make me love mother more. There is something pathetic in the fact that the mother is helpless to inspire affection in her children, and depends entirely upon the fortuitous circumstance that roses grow beside the door.

Even the association and appearance of names are capable of controlling our judgment. Suppose, for instance, an advertisement announced that there would be a lecture in Hyde Park by Aristotle, all the London trains from Oxford (and perhaps Cambridge) would be jammed with intellectuality, whereas the Upper Tooting trains would be comparatively empty. But suppose the advertisement announced a lecture in Hyde Park by 'Arry Stottle, the trains from Oxford (and perhaps

Cambridge) would be empty, whereas the Upper Tooting trains would be bulging with bourgeoisie. Aristotle, so thoughtful, so dignified, becomes by a spelling change an empty-headed, loudly-dressed vulgarian, a card-sharper, a book-maker. Very different from the world we live in, the world of fiction demands names indicative of character because we have so short a time in which to appreciate the secondary characters in the story. In real life, on the other hand, a week, a month, or a year, will accustom us to any name, however unsuitable it might seem at first; it is possible that a Mr. Pumblechook might slowly pass from second lieutenant to field-marshal, by which time he would stand for all we hold most beautiful and brave, adorning alike the maiden's dreams at dawn and our tiny darling's night-cap tales at dusk.

In fiction, then, having so short a time to squander with our friends, we need all the help that a significant name can offer. Sir Francis Darwin has written a delightful essay upon this subject, examining the nomenclature of Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, Scott, and Jane Austen, and giving the prize to Thackeray. I must say, in passing, that I cannot sympathise with his dislike of the Marquis of Auldrechie, which seems to me as good as the Marquis of Edinburgh.

In public affairs almost all, except habitually disagreeable persons, are hypnotised by a great name. It is right up to a point that the sayings and doings of a great name should be praised uncritically, because the owners have striven hard and honourably to make themselves these glorious names, and (Oh, struggling man, take heart!) nearly everyone has sometime been unhonoured and unknown. But there comes a time when we must free ourselves from their hypnotic power, and ask ourselves what we should think of this or that if it appeared under a name unknown to us. Who would tolerate that derangement by Brahms of a folk-song, *In Silent Night*, with its mouth-organic harmonies, if it appeared by John Muggins? What would be our opinion of the *Finale* of Beethoven's fifth Symphony if it was presented to us as the work of a forgotten Kapellmeister of that period? We should agree that it possessed undeniable vitality and real genius in the triplet theme, but that on the whole it was vulgar and wearisome.

Now that the foreign invasion has been resumed, it would be a good thing if our audiences set themselves against the hypnotic power of romantic names. Mr. Arthur Beak may play as well as Herr Arthur Schnabel, Mr. Green's operas may be as dramatic as Signor Verdi's, John Brooke's Mass in G major may be as stupendous as Johann Bach's Mass in B minor. At any rate, let us do justice to ourselves and give tribute to whom tribute is due.

Saint-Saëns's *La Terre Promise* (*The Promised Land*) is to be performed at the Trocadéro, Paris, on Sunday, April 9, by a choir of three hundred, conducted by M. Victor Charpentier. The concert is in aid of the French Red Cross.

# CHARLES GOUNOD ON MOZART'S DON JUAN

BY CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

(Authorized translation by Fred Rothwell)

Is it simply the memory of a dream when I see myself, in those far-away days of my sixth year, gravely accompanying a beautiful *cantatrice* as she sings a romance I had composed for her? I had written it down in pencil, the whole of it, and my great-aunt, who was also my god-mother and my music teacher—a lady belonging to an aristocratic family ruined by the Revolution, through which she herself had passed—had piously gone over it in ink. Naturally, at that age, I would never have tolerated anyone giving me the slightest help in the composition! The masterpiece was twelve bars in length, four of them consisting of a *ritornelle*. Such as it was, it had astonished the singer's father, an old soldier who was very fond of music; the result being that he presented me with the orchestral score, in two handsome red volumes, of Mozart's *Don Juan*, with French and Italian text.

When I think of it, such a present to so young a child appears somewhat audacious; assuredly very few would have made it. All the same, the donor could not have been better inspired. Daily in my *Don Juan*, unconsciously though with that wonderful ease of assimilation which is the great characteristic of childhood, I lived in the music, reading the score and acquainting myself with both the vocal and the instrumental parts. What a delight it was, some years later, to listen to this opera at the Italiens, sung by Grisi, Mario, and Lablache; and when, later still, being intimate with Gounod, I had the pleasure of hearing him interpret and comment on the work, every page of which I knew by heart!

No wonder, then, that I discovered nothing very new to me on opening Gounod's book on Mozart's masterpiece. Still, how few readers would find themselves in so exceptional a situation? Not one. I will even add that most of those who think they know *Don Juan*, from having gone through it rapidly or heard it at the Opéra, split up into five Acts, spoiled by the translation and the sacrilegious alterations and additions of Castil-Blaze, in that vast building so unsuited both to the dainty orchestral music and to the subject-matter, are in reality completely ignorant of it. Consequently, I make one request of those interested in music: to forget for the time being their usual preferences and transcendental theories, and, instead, read this short though substantial book, so attractive and yet profound beneath its apparent slightness. They will learn much of which they had previously no idea, and the reading will enable them to see that in art there is something more precious than conviction, viz., artistic probity—that quality inherent in the fine works of the past—surrounding *Don Juan* with a sacred halo, and which Gounod, in his panegyric of the masterpiece, brings out so brilliantly.

Let us open the famous score. At once we are conscious that the criticism is of a superior kind:

From the beginning of the Overture Mozart flings himself completely into the spirit of the drama, the Overture itself being an epitome of it. After the first four bars, rendered yet more terrible by the pause which completes the second and fourth . . .

It is unusual to attach such importance to pauses, a thing calculated to astonish many, for the eloquence of the pause in music is a comparatively modern

conquest. Whether we take the Roman style of Palestrina or the monumental artistry of Bach, the whole of past art has entirely, or almost entirely, misinterpreted it. Nowadays we appear to scorn this valuable aid, preoccupied as we are with stretching too tightly the warp and woof of the musical fabric and covering it with rich embroidery. All the same, the effect of the pause is one of rare potency which nothing else can supply. To such as would think slightly of Mozart, I recommend the pauses that interrupt the first few bars of the Prelude of *Tristan*. Let them endeavour to suppress these in thought, and they will discover how important they are.

## To continue:

Everything in this tremendous introduction breathes and inspires terror: the monotonous and inexorable rhythm of the strings, the sepulchral timbre of the wind instruments, where the octave intervals, from bar to bar, resemble the very trampings of a stone giant, the minister of Death; the syncopations of the first violins which, from the eleventh bar onwards, probe the innermost recesses of that sombre consciousness, the creation of the second violins entwining like a huge reptile round the culprit, the stubborn resistance of this condemned victim who blindly struggles on to the end; those frightful scales, ascending and descending, which swell like the billows of a stormy sea; in a word, the menace suspended over the head of the criminal by the solemnity of this impressive opening; everything in this wonderful page is of the loftiest tragic inspiration; the power of fearsome terror could go no further.

This picture is a true one, and yet, on close inspection, how paltry the details seem! Mere octave intervals, basses representing a very simple rhythm for a few bars, syncopations—where do we not find these? A trifling arrangement on the fourth string of the second violins, and those scales, *ces effroyables gammes*, moderate in tempo and not more than one octave in range: can such things be wonderful? It is true that the details of themselves appear little or nothing; they acquire all their importance from being timely or appropriate, from their reciprocal harmonies, their contrasts, and a sense of general balance. Here is style; here is the secret of genius. It may be invented, studied, and analysed, though with great difficulty; it cannot be imitated. It also disappears in ordinary average playing; a piece of music may be played apparently quite well and yet produce no impression whatsoever.

Nothing, unfortunately, is more difficult to interpret than this exquisite music whose every note and pause has a value of its own and where the slightest negligence, whether in letter or in spirit, may be catastrophic. Great musical spectacles have a virility of another kind; the Overture of *Tannhäuser*, and that of *Guillaume Tell*, survive second-rate interpretations; however one murders the notes, there are so many of them that there are always some to spare. This constitutes the triumph of the big guns! The tree with its thousands of leaves may weather the storm, but what is left of a flower—of a butterfly's wing—once it has been bruised or crushed?

\* \* \* \* \*

The drama begins. In vivid colours the author has depicted the famous Introduction, where, epitomised so to speak, so many apparent incongruities easily find room: the comic scene of Leporello awaiting his master, the flight of Don Juan stopped by Donna Anna, the appearance of the Commander, the duel



and its fatal issue. Attention might have been drawn to the extraordinary facility with which, at each step, Mozart modifies the character of the music, passing from comic to tragic without breaking the unity of style. I have purposely used the word 'facility' instead of 'skill' since it is very likely that the miracle was effected unconsciously. In this scene, as in that of the supper which concludes the opera, Mozart certainly realised the impossible without being aware of the fact. The musical language he used, consisting of a happily proportioned blend of the Italian and the German style, sustained by universally accepted tradition, was extremely supple, though how many, employing the same medium of expression, lack his eloquence!

The minutely detailed analysis of the well-known air of Leporello, *Madamina, il catalogo è questo*, is particularly to be noted. When we find Gounod seeking meanings and intentions in each note, we might conclude that he had given free scope to his imagination. Nothing of the kind; everything he says is true, and yet the *morceau* flows smoothly along, each detail appearing to be required by musical necessities alone. Here is the difficulty in the ever-recurring question of music with literary pretensions; on condition the style does not suffer, we may put into music as many intentions as we please. Those who do not like them need not notice them.

With regard to this air and the eloquent details of its instrumentation, Gounod remarks:

Here we have the orchestra in the theatre filling its proper rôle, which is complementary rather than invading, not saying too much, and yet saying all. How far removed we are from dull, pretentious pomposity which aims at moving us by loud effects, which looks upon mere padding as real worth and upon pathos as greatness!

In these words we have the clash of weapons before the battle; but the fight does not come on, the author not considering it necessary to insist on his point. Apparently the artistic epoch in which Mozart lived, analogous to our 17th century French literature, enters largely into the qualities Gounod admires—true balance and perfection of taste. He is quite right to protest against *striving after effect*; the absence of such striving is common to all fine periods in art, its presence a characteristic sign of decadence.

I am greatly inclined to find fault with the unguarded encomiums Gounod lavishes on Don Juan's 'Ball,' with his three orchestras on the stage, each, as we know, playing a different air. 'All this,' he says, 'is carried through *without confusion*, but with consummate ease and skill.'

That may be true when reading the opera, but when listening to this portion of it I have always been quite bewildered. The sun may have spots on its surface: Gounod cannot see them. But though I see the spots, I do not find fault with the composer; I merely declare that I do not understand what he meant. Considering that during the supper of the second Act he introduced wind instruments on to the stage, he might also have introduced some during the Ball instead of increasing the numbers of violins and basses, the result of which was an inextricable jumble of instruments of like timbre. What reasons had he for doing so? Probably under his interpretation the *morceau* assumed a different meaning from that which it has for us. In any case there is but one thing for us to do: play the piece just as it was written.

Nothing is more dangerous than to make alterations in such a work. I remember, on the occasion of a reprise of *Don Juan* at the Opéra, Vaucorbeil, who was then director, was astonished at the lack of effect produced by the famous Trio of Masks. As is well known, this Trio is preceded by a conversation between the three Masks, in admirably tragic vein. A window opens, the orchestra suddenly stops, and through the open window are wafted strains of the small orchestra of the Ball, accompanying Leporello's invitation. When the window is shut, the orchestra resumes and the admirable Trio begins. On the occasion of the reprise in question, the small stage orchestra had been suppressed and the theatre orchestra played everything itself, with the result that the entire picturesque passage became impossible to understand and most pitifully commonplace.

The instrumentation of the magnificent air of Donna Anna, *Or sai chi l'onore*, contains another puzzle, Gounod makes no mention of it whatsoever, he even praises the full, sonorous orchestra 'which never goes beyond what is necessary.' I am not wholly of this opinion. In this *morceau*, where the vocal part shows such grandeur and spirit, my opinion is that the orchestra does not attain 'what is necessary.' Berlioz was fond of ridiculing it. Doubtless, after the grandiose singing of Donna Anna, oboes and bassoons seem inadequate, almost comical. The puzzle may be solved by supposing that the singer who created the rôle may have been vocally unequal to the occasion. Mozart was always very careful not to drown the singing beneath heavy instrumentation; he might be called a voice-setter just as a jeweller might be called a diamond-setter.

I have been rather—perhaps even immoderately—abusive towards Gounod, so it is time to begin praising and admiring him again. I will not undertake to make a list of his sayings, his *trouvailles*, the pearls in his casket. Open it; you will be surprised and dazzled. Listen to what he says of the famous balcony Trio:

It is in the very phrases of Donna Elvira that Don Juan seeks the insolent expression of a false tenderness. This borrowing is an abuse of confidence, a musical forgery perpetrated by Don Juan, speaking with his own lips the very language of sincerity uttered by his wife, the better to deceive her.

Is not this way of speaking music both delightful and unexpected? In another place, he talks of the 'involuntary scruples with which the disinterested innocence of genius swarms.' We are continually receiving flashes of light, opening up hitherto unknown depths, well calculated to amaze those who seek in music nothing but vague sensations and drugged voluptuousness.

Read this little book, more especially the appendix, in which, leaving his subject, the author deals with general matters in a few clear-cut sentences. Reflect on what he says of singing and diction, of pronunciation and style, learning from him what the conductor of an orchestra ought to be. Among other things he says:

It is a mistake to think that the conductor can make himself fully understood by means of the baton which he holds in his hand. His entire demeanour must instruct and impart life to those who obey him. His attitude, his physiognomy, his glance, should prepare the singers for what he is about to demand of them; his expression should enable them to anticipate his intentions; it should guide the intelligence of the performers.

How few conductors reach this standard! For one worthy of the name, how many time-beaters! Some look as though they were cutting up a cake, others leading a regiment to the drill-ground; others again might be engaged in the hurried preparation of an omelette. I have even seen some twirling the baton above their heads! The public sets up a claim to judge of the merits of conductors, a disastrous claim which has frequently brought bad musicians to the front because they happened to have cultivated a leonine head of hair or an elegant figure, or simply because they had established a bond of sympathy with the listeners, without the latter really knowing why! Composers and performers are alone capable of judging in such matters. The chief quality of a conductor, apart from a thorough acquaintance with the work, should be, as Gounod says, a power of suggestion, of such a nature as to elicit from the performer an obedience of which he is not aware. These, as everyone will agree, are matters with which the public has nothing to do; still, the public likes to judge everything, and its tastes are at times odd enough—especially in music. Formerly it expected music to be of a rousing nature; now it wants to be lulled to sleep. What will it expect music to do next?

The noble Muse is little concerned with all this; all she cares for is to remain beautiful and to lavish smiles on her elect. These are few, as they have always been and probably always will be. 'What a lot of notes!' was said in complimentary tones to Mozart by the Emperor of Austria, who had understood nothing of the wonderful music to which he had been listening. 'Sire, there is not one too many,' replied Mozart, with a pride equal to his genius.

So great a character but seldom attains to fortune. The author of *Don Juan* died in poverty, to the everlasting shame of his contemporaries.

## Occasional Notes

We have received from Messrs. Stainer & Bell a booklet containing descriptions of the works issued by the Carnegie Trust. In the Introduction Mr. Percy Scholes, the author, explaining the origin of the booklet, says:

'The Trustees, and those who act with them as their business agents, have felt, I gather, that there was some danger of publication becoming such merely in name, or, at all events, being not so widespread as the merits of the pieces chosen demand—and this through lack of public knowledge.'

The plaint leaves us unsympathetic, even a trifle amused. It does not seem to have occurred to the Trust or to its agents that the musical press of this country devotes a good deal of space to reviews of new music, especially when the new music happens to be of native origin, and of the type published by the Trust. Of the sixteen compositions dealt with in the booklet only one has been sent to this office for review, and that exception was due to the initiative of the composer. So far as we can ascertain at short notice this masterly inactivity has been observed in regard to our contemporaries, both musical and lay.

Every publisher save the Trust and its agents knows that a good review in a journal circulating entirely amongst musicians (many of whom are conductors of local choral societies) is often more fruitful than an expensive advertisement. We recommend our readers to get hold of Mr. Scholes's very useful booklet. They will thus obtain for sixpence information that, had the Trust not been dozing in the matter of publicity, would have been obtainable, free of charge, months ago.

So much is now done for the native composer by the Carnegie Trust and the Palmer Fund that we almost hesitate to express an opinion that there is yet an opening for another millionaire. The Trust sees to the publication of works—good. The Fund gives first, even second, performances of MS. compositions—good again. Yet these generous efforts do not bring the chosen works into direct contact with the great musical public. Few people are in the habit of buying scores to read through silently, and not many are able to go to the Royal College of Music of a morning to hear the public rehearsals given by the Fund. But they may be counted on to turn up in crowds at a concert the programme of which includes at least one of their pet works—the fifth Symphony, the *Nut-cracker* Suite, the *Emperor* Concerto, &c., or on an occasion when a famous soloist of any kind is to be heard.

That's the time to catch 'em. Millionaires don't read such journals as this; their millions keep them too busy. But if we thought we had the ear of one, we should hang on to it until he had heard of a useful way of spending the interest on a hundred thousand of those pounds that give him so much trouble. If he rose to the occasion he would form a small board of advisers who would each year select a dozen or twenty large works, and a much greater number of small works of all kinds. Performances of these would be subsidised in various parts of the country. We all know the heart-breaking experience of composers who see their work given a first performance which is also the last—or anyhow the last for so long a period that the second becomes another first performance, so to speak. So futile is this isolated first hearing that we feel disposed to venture the Hibernian suggestion that a new work should make its *débüt* with its third performance. Our millionaire would solve the difficulty by arranging always that the chosen work should be performed three times in a short period. The proposition would be a business one: the orchestra or choral society or soloist concerned would receive a sum in return for which would be guaranteed three performances during the season. It should be understood that the work would be included in a programme containing at least one work of a powerfully attractive character. The people who wished to hear the Fifth Symphony would not stay away from a concert because the scheme included also an item by a comparatively unknown composer.

This is the propaganda that new native works need—public performance side by side with works from which the average man can't keep away. Entire programmes of new music are merely a form of preaching to the converted. This is so obvious that we blush to mention it. But the people who have long since grasped the fact

apparently fail to go on farther and realise the importance of insinuating the powder of new music into the jam of popular programmes.

Returning to our millionaire, we suggest that he should get some of his money back in order that his fund may be to some extent self-supporting and so able to operate as widely as possible. A small percentage of the takings should be handed to his executive, when the profit-line has been passed. As we said above, these subsidised performances should take place in as many centres as possible. In regard to the smaller forms, new unaccompanied choral works—even part-songs—could be introduced to small centres of population. Many a good village glee class would jump at the chance of working up a new part-song on receipt of a set of copies and a donation of a couple of guineas towards its funds. Propaganda work in regard to new music is apt to concern itself too much with big works. The small ones—the part-song, pianoforte solo, string quartet, &c.—often reach a larger public in the long run, because they are more easily negotiated. But if they are really original, or by an unknown composer, they need a push-off as much as big works.

We hear a reader say, 'Pooh! a wild, impossible scheme!' But it is merely an adaptation of the royalty system, and nobody ever thinks of that as wild or impossible. Used (as it has been) almost exclusively for the propagation of the baser types of music it has proved itself to be only too practicable—so much so as to be one of the greatest hindrances to musical progress. A fine stroke to turn the system round and make it help things along instead! Meanwhile, until that willing millionaire arrives, perhaps the Carnegie Trust and the Palmer Fund executives might lay their heads together and see if it is possible to make a modest beginning at a scheme that will ensure the attainment of the object toward which they are so generously working—an object (as we have said) that can hardly be reached by mere publication, or by rehearsal-performances that are necessarily held in the mornings in a hall rather off the beaten track of the average music-lover.

Elgar's Violoncello Concerto was played at Budapest, on February 14, by Béla de Csuka, principal violoncellist of the Budapest Royal Opera House. The *National Gazette* of February 16 said: 'Csuka could not present himself from a new side, but we must give special mention to the novelty of his concert—the Violoncello Concerto of Edward Elgar. This English composer is to-day, at any rate, the most prominent musical artist of his country.' The *Pest Gazette* (February 15) said: 'Csuka fully justified expectations, mainly by his performance of Elgar's Violoncello Concerto and Bach's G major Suite.' And *The World* of the same date spoke of 'the fine performance of this interesting and delicately-coloured modern composition.'

We are glad to hear that Dr. Vaughan Williams has received an invitation to visit the United States. Mr. Carl Stoekel, the president of the Litchfield County Musical Association, has asked him to come to the Association's next Festival to conduct the first performance in America of his Pastoral Symphony. The Festival will take place in June, at Norfolk, Connecticut. The New York Symphony Orchestra

has been engaged, and there will be a large choir drawn from five choral societies of neighbouring towns.

Our composers seem to be getting their foot in abroad to an encouraging extent. We are informed that the arrangements for this year's Salzburg Musical Festival include a series of international chamber concerts, immediately preceding the performances of the Vienna Opera. Bax, Bliss and Goossens have agreed to contribute works, and Miss Dorothy Moulton is to sing modern English songs. English music will thus be prominently represented at a Continental Festival for the first time since 1914.

We have long since realised that the best headlines come from America; the art of caption is hardly cultivated anywhere else. The most we can do on this side is to turn out a statement that is merely bald and brief. We have a good way to go before we can compete with a genius on the *New York Evening Sun*, who in seven words tells his readers of: (1) A famous musician who has been ill; (2) the nature of his illness; (3) the operation that set him on his legs again; (4) the discarded portion of his anatomy; (5) his return to the operatic stage; and (6) the work in which he reappeared. Here is the Complete Caption:

MURATORE, MINUS APPENDIX, RETURNS IN  
MONNA LANA.

Our March issue contained an announcement that a new amateur orchestra was being formed, to be known as 'The Euterpe String Players.' In response to inquiries we now give some particulars. The orchestra will, it is hoped, serve a double purpose. It will endeavour to give performances of works, old and new, which for various reasons are passed over by large professional orchestras, and it will aim at providing the instrumental part in choral works, chiefly those of the small and intimate type, such as Bach's Cantatas. In the present state of economics, a choral society is unable to give properly balanced performances of such works without incurring expenses that can rarely be met from the sale of tickets, as such concerts are usually given in a small hall. The solution of the difficulty seems to lie in the formation of a small body of highly skilled amateurs. Mr. Charles Kennedy Scott is the moving spirit of the enterprise, so we may hope to see the instrumental equivalent of the Oriana Choir. Players who wish to join, or who are interested in any way, should write to the hon. secretary, Miss M. M. Hills, 80, West Cromwell Road, S.W. 5.

A very attractive programme has been put forth by the committee of the Oxford Musical Festival (May 8-13). There will be five concerts, besides performances of English folk-dances and historical ballets. Special organ recitals will be given at New College and Christ Church, and there will be the usual Sunday evening concert at Balliol College. The Festival concerts will take place at the Town Hall, the Corn Exchange, and the Sheldonian Theatre, and the folk-dancing in New College gardens. The chief choral works to be performed are the B minor Mass, Parry's *De Profundis*, and Vaughan Williams's *Sea Symphony*. The orchestral items include the *Enigma Variations*, Butterworth's two Folk-song Idylls, and Stravinsky's *L'Oiseau de Feu*. The Festival is inaugurated by the Oxford

Bach Choir, under the general direction of Sir Hugh Allen. Messrs. Sydney Acott & Co., High Street, Oxford, are in charge of the box-office side of affairs.

With sincere regret we read in *The Lute* that a critic has described a singer at a fashionable concert as 'scantily clad, all except her breath, which came in thick pants.'

## Music in the Foreign Press

### BERLIOZ VINDICATED

In the *Revue Musicale* (February) Charles Kœchlin examines point by point the current denunciations of Berlioz's musicianship, and attempts to show that when they are not altogether groundless, they rest upon narrow, rule-of-thumb conceptions of what music should be.

### GLUCK IN PARODIES

In the same periodical (March) Georges Cucuel describes the various parodies that have been made of Gluck's operas. The list comprises a curious burlesque of *Iphigénie en Aulide*, by Despréaux; *Momie*, produced in 1778; three of *Orphée*, including Paisiello's *Socrate Immaginario* (Naples, 1775); four of *Alceste*; and only one of *Armide*.

### IN MEMORY OF ARTHUR NIKISCH

Among the many tributes to Nikisch that have recently appeared, the special number of *Die Musikwelt* (February) deserves mention. It contains articles by, among others, Ferdinand Pfohl, Eugen Segnitz, Gustav Brecher, Adolf Weissmann, Julius Korngold.

### AN OPINION ON SCRIBIN

In the January issue of the *Musikblätter des Anbruch* (now edited by Dr. Paul Stefan, and improved in several respects), Rudolf Réti writes:

The value of Scriabin's music is surprisingly uneven. His output comprises glowing things such as the *Poème vers la Flamme*, and cold, colourless drawing-room stuff. The latter, it is true, is adorned with the typical Scriabinian medley of chords, but a medley devoid of movement and contrasts. Not one of those chords emerges to assert itself, to reach a climax and thence to merge into another, so that the general impression is one of monotony and purposelessness.

### PIERROT LUNAIRE

In the *Courrier Musical* (February) Robert Desormière writes:

*Pierrot Lunaire* is written in an idiom whose appearance constitutes the greatest of revolutions in musical history, an 'atonal' idiom towards which Schönberg has painstakingly worked his way, and which he has now completely mastered, expressing himself in it to the full and without a shadow of self-consciousness. During his experimental stages, his sensitiveness remained in the background, and sheer will-power predominated; in *Pierrot Lunaire* the new idiom is no longer an end, but a docile vehicle of expression. *Pierrot Lunaire* is instinct with a romanticism inherited from the 19th century Germans. Very often Schönberg harks back to the blue moonlight and spectres and other 'properties' of a bygone age. But the terseness and simplicity of his style, his sense of proportion and fitness, are so exquisite, that we sometimes fail to notice, except as an afterthought, the thinness of the substance.

In the *Monde Musical* (February), Charles Kœchlin writes:

The initiated have long since described *Pierrot Lunaire* as a work which opens unsuspected vistas, and rings the death-knell of all musical laws. Others have inveighed against Schönberg as a mere charlatan, and a musical Bolshevik. Now that we have heard the work (and it is impossible to appraise it merely by studying the score), we can say that it is surprisingly novel indeed, wonderfully bold, but remarkable for its charm, for the very logic and sweetness of the very things which from the point of view of theoretical conventions ought to be described as loose and harsh. This music is instinct with imagination, and teems with innovations in melody, rhythm, and colour. But the most remarkable points are its conciseness and the sense of fitness which it reveals. *Pierrot Lunaire* is a genuine artistic creation.

### ON VARIOUS COMPOSERS OF TO-DAY

In the *Musikblätter des Anbruch* (February) Dr. Wilhelm Grosz considers the output of Aloys Hába (born 1893, at Wíowitz), and Feliz Petyrek (born 1892, at Vienna), both disciples of Franz Schreker. He praises the former's Overture, Op. 5, and his String Quartet, Op. 4. As for the Quartet in quarter-tones, he believes that it is impossible of performance with any degree of accuracy. Petyrek was at first strongly influenced by Reger, but owes many of the rhythmic peculiarities of his style to his study of Slavonic musical lore. He has been described as 'a musical acrobat, an imitator of Stravinsky, and the Edgar Poe of music.' The writer speaks well of his *Grotesques* for pianoforte, his Pianoforte Sextet, and a Sinfonietta.

Hugo Kauder expresses the opinion that in Schönberg's Quartet and Kammer-sinfonie the influence of the past is preponderant. In harmony Schönberg is a pioneer, but his working-out remains in strict accordance with tradition. The writer describes Bartók's second Quartet as genuine and powerful, but harsh and crude. If that work and the Violin Sonata were as inspired as they are lusty, they would be masterpieces.

### A POINT OF VIOLIN TECHNIQUE

In the *Zeitschrift für Musik* (February 15) Prof. Robert Reitz, referring to various books on the technique of violin playing by Siegfried Eberhardt, emphasises the advantages of doing away with the practice of inserting a pad between the violin and the shoulder. If the violin be tightly held by the chin, the collar-bone, and the shoulder, the left hand will work more efficiently and the bowing will be better.

M.-D. CALVOCORESSI.

### MUSIC AND LETTERS

The April number of Mr. A. H. Fox-Strangways's distinguished quarterly, *Music and Letters* (published at 22, Essex Street, W.C., 5s.) is even richer than usual in good things. Dr. Adrian C. Boulton commemorates Nikisch. There are articles on three latter-day composers. The Bishop of Ripon and Mr. Steuart Wilson discuss different points of liturgical music. Seven public schoolmasters write on 'Music in Public Schools.' Mr. J. D. M. Rorke, author of 'A Musical Pilgrim's Progress,' pleads for 'The Personal Note in Musical Criticism.' Miss Muriel Silburn remembers the short, flashing career



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of an infant prodigy of the past, George Aspull, of Manchester, 'the most extraordinary creature in Europe,' in Rossini's pronouncement, famous at the age of nine, dead at nineteen. It is Schumann's turn under the rubric of Song Translations, and there are fourteen translations added to the anthology which *Music and Letters* is offering to English singers, to persuade them to the sensible course of singing the classic German lyrics in the language of their audience.

On Nikisch, Dr. Boult says :

'I would almost go so far as to say that there were few works that I would not have felt could have been better given by other conductors, in spite of the marvellous fascination of Nikisch's art. But whatever he touched was alive and warm, and vitality is the alpha and omega of executive music.'

He puts first Nikisch's Wagner (except perhaps *Die Meistersinger*), his Mozart and Haydn (often), and his Weber (always) :

'Even when we felt we must disagree, there was such poetry and beauty, not to mention technical mastery, that we were held spell-bound.'

Mr. Herbert Howells gives an attractive study of Vaughan Williams's *Pastoral Symphony* :

'You may not like the Symphony's frame of mind ; but there it is, strong and courageous. It is the truth of the work, and out of it would naturally arise whatever risk it has run of being publicly cold-shouldered.'

Mr. J. B. Trend puts us on still more friendly terms with the admired Spaniard, Manuel de Falla, and Déodat de Séverac's delicate art is celebrated with enthusiasm by Mr. W. W. Roberts.

The Bishop of Ripon :

'Cathedral organists surely ought to be recognised as expert authorities in their own line, and should control the musical side of the services much more fully than they do.'

Mr. Steuart Wilson :

'The surpliced choir in the chancel is the root of all the difficulties. The music is at the wrong end of the church to promote good congregational singing. The congregation must be *driven* to sing, in fact, not *led*. Again, in a village, women's voices must be used if the choir is to succeed.'

Miss Lucia Young's four Schumann translations are charming, and we venture to quote in full this recommended version of Heine for the song Op. 142, No. 2, signed F. S. :

Here, eye to eye, our falling tears  
Shall mingle with one another ;  
Here, heart to heart, our hopes and fears  
Shall break into flame together.

The flame of hope shall dry away  
The mounting tears of sorrow ;  
And here to my heart I'll hold you to-day  
Though I should die to-morrow.

C.

## The Musician's Bookshelf

### NATIONALISM IN MUSIC

M. Jean Chantavoine has in *De Couperin à Debussy* (Paris : Félix Alcan, 7fr. 50c.), collected eight essays, the most substantial of which is 'The General Characteristics of French Music.'

Is there a music with a peculiarly French character? That 'art knows no frontiers,' that 'music is a *lingua franca*, an international speech,' has been said so often that we have become unable to believe it. And the prevailing passions of the day are all for more and more frontiers. We were always conscious of the difference between French novels and our own, and of the different table manners of the Germans. But consciousness of differences has been extraordinarily sharpened everywhere of late. To be interested to-day, the world must see the national interest, and in music there is this new quivering susceptibility just as everywhere else. If European music ever has been really a *lingua franca*, the nations are now so busy forming each their own dialect that analogy is suggested with the degeneration of Latin in the dark ages. It was inevitable, too, for we come to the end of generalisations, but not of particularisations. Grant that Palestrina or Bach spoke a universal tongue, that tongue must take on local peculiarities in its use by generations of men for whom frontiers are more actual than day and night.

Of course nothing of the sort can be granted about Palestrina or Bach. But for those German words which are like bricks, German hymn-tunes would not be what they are, and but for German hymn-tunes Bach were not what we know him. And German feet—so different from Italian feet! Do not they have something to say in the difference between Bach's dancing rhythms and Scarlatti's?

Nevertheless the national interest is somehow harder to define in the European music of three or four hundred years than in last year's novels or even in the just allocation of war indemnities. M. Chantavoine makes a readable essay in defining what is French in music, and when we say readable we mean that his nationalism is not extravagant. (Really high-spirited nationalism is insufferable to the reader across a frontier. The stiffer the tone the more does the other fellow bristle. And Europe is far from having tired of the game, even now.) In his moderation he has not reprinted a newspaper article on Beethoven we remember (in *Le Temps*), which went to show that Beethoven was pretty nearly all French. It is true that he appears to allot something to France out of the 'French Suites' of Bach, without even mentioning any claim here to a share in the 'English Suites'!

M. Chantavoine's best point in defining the notion of the national character of a given music is the influence of language. Music to begin with is song and dance rhythm. The national physique and temperament (a matter of climate, these) dictate the dance forms. In early song the music is ancillary to the words.

'The first characteristic to strike us in French music is one noticed by Jean-Jacques Rousseau, I mean the weak "vocality" of the French language and a resultant inferiority for our singing music. The French language, so little accentuated, with the weak sounds of its mute

e's, with the platitude of its nasal sounds, with the uniformity and lack of rhythm of its poetry, which is measured instead of being cadenced—the French language is not very apt to arouse melody or to sustain it, whereas the sonorous vowels and balanced rhythm of the Italian phrase are already an embryo or a sketch of melody in themselves.'

M. Chantavoine interestingly pursues this obviously just notion of the influence of speech and prosody on music, a suggestive notion which we should like to see applied comparatively to the whole of European music.

If the French has not the amplitude of Italian melody, neither has France vied with Germany in pure musical (wordless) development. This, according to M. Chantavoine, is due to the special origins of French music in the ballads and ditties of mediæval minstrels and troubadours—songs the verbal sense of which possibly counted three parts to one of the music. Hence the impregnation of French music with a verbal element and with an ensuing 'intellectuality.' 'In purely instrumental music the understanding loses foothold, and a Frenchman hates not being able to understand.' So that Couperin and Rameau adorn their harpsichord pieces with alluring little poetic titles, and in the 19th century Berlioz and Liszt (Liszt, from his environment, is considered French enough for the argument) create the symphonic poem.

Again a point which our author argues with elegance; but here we want to know why the lays of the minstrels so specially had this effect in France, while their German contemporaries did not succeed in doing anything to frustrate the coming of the German symphonic school.

After these admissions, courageous indeed in a nationalist age, M. Chantavoine readjusts the balance with the tale of the French musical qualities we all esteem—mobility, inventive curiosity, precision, vividness, elegance, and liveliness—with especial mention of the science of Rameau and the orchestral imagination, never enough to be admired, of Berlioz. The later essays treat of the Couperins (largely based on Bouvet), Rameau, Gluck, Berlioz, Chabrier, Massenet, and Debussy. M. Chantavoine, himself no disparager of Gluck, allows himself a touch of malice in telling of the remarkable outburst of Rameau-worship (involving the disparagement of Gluck) at Paris some twenty years ago. It was perhaps a shade more theoretical than practical, so at least those who saw the revival of *Castor and Pollux* of three years ago can only conclude. C.

#### GROVE—WITH A DIFFERENCE

The American Supplement to *Grove's History of Music* (Macmillan) is in two parts. We have first a section giving us a kind of history of music in America, broken up from time to time with a chronological register. This portion fills about a hundred pages. The remainder of the volume is on the lines of *Grove*, the bulk of the articles being devoted to musicians and musical matters in America, plus a bringing up to date of *Grove* references to living European musicians. (But where is Vaughan Williams?) The Supplement breaks away from the *Grove* tradition in one important respect. We have always regarded admission to the pages of the famous volumes as a kind of honourable *cachet*. To

be noted in *Grove*, however briefly, was to have arrived. But the net has been thrown very wide in the Supplement, and the haul contains as many minnows as big fish. If you would realise how inclusive the scheme is, make a list of all the tenth-rate English composers known to you—organists who have delivered themselves of invertebrate *Evening Meditations*, *Andantes*, and cantatas, composers of songs and ballads we could very well do without, and the like. Having made the list, imagine the bulk of them in *Grove*—but no! it can't be done. Yet the American equivalent of such small fry have somehow got into the Supplement. This is *Grove* with a difference—a difference so big that it lowers the status of the book very considerably. It gives a misleading impression of musical life in America—at least we hope it is misleading, for if America regards all these nobodies as somebodies she has still a lot of leeway to make up in the musical race. This view is based on an examination of no small amount of recent American composition. The perpetrators of similar music in this country would no doubt make money—lots of it, in fact,—but they would make nothing else, and they would always be well outside our standard works of reference and musical journals. Apropos of the latter, the references to English musical journalists are curiously inadequate. This country is rich in excellent workers of the kind, but the only ones honoured by inclusion in the Supplement are Eaglefield Hull, Ernest Newman, and Percy Scholes. The omission of Edwin Evans is strange, seeing that his *Musical Times* articles on British composers have been liberally drawn on by the editors of the Supplement. This book will be useful, of course, especially across the water, but in manner and matter it falls so short of the real *Grove* that we on this side must needs have some difficulty in regarding it as *The Sixth Volume of the Complete Work* (vide title-page). H. G.

#### PLAYER-PIANO PROSODY

Mr. Sydney Grew's *The Art of the Player-Piano* (Kegan Paul, 12s. 6d.) is an important work if only for the fact that it is the first of its kind in the field. In comparison with it Mr. Ernest Newman's book is a mere *jeu d'esprit*, the leisured musings of a man-about-town—and all the more delightful for that. Mr. Grew takes things very seriously, and has certainly provided an exhaustive treatise, though I am doubtful as to the value of a good deal of it. See this (italics mine):

The intellectual effort required in chh. xxv.-xxxix. is slightly less than that required in the study of instrumentation, canon, *building construction*, algebra, and so on; but it requires the same qualities and similar determination.

This forbidding prospect is calculated to knock nine-tenths of player-piano humanity out of the race to start with.

The book may be roughly divided into four parts: (1) Some sound practical matter which lies well within the reach of the human playerist (as one has to call them now)—ch. i.-xiii.; (2) Some transitional matter that is on the borders of common-sense and moonshine—ch. xiv.-xvii.; (3) A full flood of the latter—ch. xviii.-xxiv.; (4) Some very irritating instances of the worst form of pedantry.



Ch. iii. gives a list of suitable works to start on. The Federation of British Music Industries will rejoice to see that it opens with Ancliffe's *Night of Gladness Waltz*, but will be less enthusiastic over the third item, Böhm's *Attaque des Uhlans*.

Ch. xiv.-xvii., which deal with 'metrical counting,' take a lot of the edge off our determination, and at the end of ch. xvi. we are a little surprised to read:

And here I imagine many of us will part company after what has probably been an acquaintance of two or more years. Player-pianism beyond the point we have now reached appertains to the finely-instructed mind; it escapes sensation and the stimulus of excitement, and so it is not for all of us. Moreover, the course of study I now outline may not in the minds of some of us seem adequately related to music, and so we shall not see the profit of following it out. Therefore we shake hands as necessary.

Alive as I am to the rapid passage of time—well, anyhow, I felt instinctively that I belonged to the 'some,' and having shaken hands somewhat hastily with the author, forgot all about him, leapt on to the box-seat, and drove my old 'bus with Chopin's Op. 10, No. 10, as never before.

Mr. Grew's plan is, he believes, original:

The non-musical material which I use for the purpose is poetry, though battles have been fought in the past on the problem of how to reconcile poetic and musical rhythms, and much futile labour gone in the task of applying prosodical terms to musical cadences. Being original, it may be that my plan will not be clearly worked out or expressed intelligibly.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating (p. 155):

The first short of the anapest may be anacrusic to the second short, if that second short is weighty enough to be spondaised with the long of the figure:

3-4	1-2	3-4	1-2	3-4	1-2	
I	am	out	of	hu-	man	ity's reach
II.	I.	II.	I.	II.	I.	[Chorus of Hear, hear!']

This sort of thing goes gaily on for about five chapters, after which we come to a series of most lucid prosodical guides to accepted musical masterpieces. I quote the following gem from an analysis of Chopin's Prelude in D flat, Op. 28, No. 15:

The acatalectic ditrochee may be set out in the cadency of this amphibrach. . . . Thus in this one phrase we have three manifestations of the trochee, the poetic equivalent of the eight counts being a dimiter catalectic trochaic (a verse of four feet, incomplete to the degree that its final foot is empty), and the musical value being an expanding of the third foot to the full quantity of the measure (see page 255).

Occasionally the style becomes a little more complicated—as, for instance, in a description of the relation of triple to duple time:

Three counts may stand for two, in the sense that a certain couple of the three counts represents a doubling of the quantity of a certain one count of the two. This statement, read quickly, sounds like a conundrum; but it means that if two pieces of elastic substance, each an inch long, are placed end to end, and the half of one piece stretched out to the length of a full inch, and fixed in that position, the result will be as the conversion of duple-time music into triple-time (see page 245).

But, like everything else in life, the book is leavened with touches of conscious and unconscious humour. Here is an example of the former:

The shrieks in which the stressed weak counts culminate are depictions of the sounds made by Peer Gynt as he becomes more sore on the one hand

(hand of course is used here as a figure of speech only) from the repeated kickings of the gnomes, and as they, on the other hand, perfect the power and direction of their kicks.

As for the latter, here is a sample from ch. xxx.:

To show the average taste of the player-pianist, I give a list of compositions made by a girl during the first two years she used the instrument. [A list of works played is then given.] . . . those marked with an asterisk being especially pleasing, and those set up in capitals the most pleasing of all.

The fact that amongst the 'most pleasing of all' is Strauss's *Heldenleben* (Corder's Prelude No. 2 is also included in this category) is clear proof that the girl in question looked on her instrument—largely as I do on mine—as a means of ploughing through a mass of otherwise inaccessible music, quite regardless of whether the latter is particularly suited to the player-piano. Had she any other end in view she could not possibly have included *Heldenleben*, which, whatever its merits as a composition, provides a revolting din on the player-piano quite in a class by itself.

Mr. Grew's book is a mass of erudition—but erudition is emphatically one of the things that should be rationed. Had the author limited himself to the erudition that was strictly to the purpose, and cut out all the pedantry, his book would have been treble its present value.

Mr. Harry Drake's booklet, *The Piano-Player Explained* (Musical Opinion Office, 2s.), calls for little comment and certainly no criticism. The author goes about his job in a quiet, workmanlike way which at once inspires confidence in anyone who wants to know how the wheels go round. It contains, amongst other things, a short history of the player-piano, which might very well have been treated a little more extensively. Mr. Drake's descriptions are as straightforward as Mr. Grew's are involved. The book is amply illustrated, and should prove useful to incipient tuners. R. L.

#### A BATCH OF BOOKLETS

The youngster of to-morrow will be encouraged to do his little bit of creative work in music, as he is to-day in letters. Why not? If we teach him that music is a kind of language, we must be consistent, and teach him to think it and speak it. Here are two little works that should be read by those who are teaching the young idea how to shoot in this particular way—*First Steps in Melody-Making*, by Ernest Read (Joseph Williams, 2s.), and *Improvising: A simple method of teaching the subject to children of average ability*, by Ethel Home (Kegan Paul, 2s.).—Organists and others who are holding congregational practices with a view to improving the standard of taste in hymnody will be helped by a fourpenny book of *Hymns selected from the English Hymnal as suitable for occasional use* (Humphrey Milford). There are twenty-four of them, and the tunes cover a wide range, including as they do the beautiful mediæval Rosy Sequence, Randall's 'University,' Orlando Gibbons's 'Song' (set to noble words by J. W. Chadwick), the rugged 'Martyrs,' Carey's 'Surrey,' the Coln melody, now so well-known in this country through arrangements by Frank Bridge, Holst, and others, and Vaughan Williams's 'Sine Nomine.'—*Nonconformist Church Music* is

a re-issue of a series of addresses given by the Rev. Joseph Wood at Oxford in 1920 (The Lindsey Press, 2s. 6d.). The style of the book is refreshingly informal, and the matter thoroughly practical. The author joins hands with the reform party in the Church of England in his condemnation of the weak and shoddy. Occasionally he trips over a matter of detail, as, for instance, when he says that "Ein feste Burg" is made up of phrases from several secular sources. It is undoubtedly a skilful piecing together of melodic fragments, but the component parts are to be found in the plainsong of the Roman Gradual, and especially in the Credo of the *Missa de Angelis*. The book contains some good illustrations of how not to do things. Thus, speaking of voluntaries, the author says, 'I once preached a sermon on "Peace," and the organist, a Mus. Bac. of Durham, followed with "The Lord is a Man of War," from *Israel in Egypt*. He was a candidate on trial. At the evening service he gave us the "Habañera" from *Carmen*. That decided his candidature.' As well it might.—The interest in hymns and hymn-tunes is perennial, so there should be no lack of readers for Frederick John Gillman's *The Story of our Hymns, being an Historical Companion to the Fellowship Hymn Book* (The Swarthmore Press; George Allen & Unwin, 2s. 6d. paper; 3s. 6d. cloth). About a hundred and fifty hymns are discussed, some old friends, and some that deserve to be. An index of authors and translators gives dates of birth and death. Lecturers and others will find this volume full of useful powder and shot.—*Training in Music* (Pitman, 2s. 6d.) is a collection of the musical articles in the *Encyclopædia and Dictionary of Education*. It was a happy thought to issue them in this way. There are twenty-one articles, and the names of the authors are a guarantee of soundness—Parry, Yorke Trotter, Martin and Geoffrey Shaw, Borland, Kidson, Dunhill, Yeomans, the late Dr. McNaught, &c. The subjects range over Musical Appreciation in Schools, Training a School Band, The Gramophone in Education, Voice Culture, The Tonic Sol-fa System, Student Songs, The Teaching of the Violin, &c. The book is of a handy pocket size, well bound and clearly printed—a remarkably well-produced and meaty little work.

H. G.

## New Music

### ORCHESTRAL FULL SCORES

A gratifying feature of to-day is the comparative promptness with which the full scores of important orchestral works follow their first performance. Twenty years ago the student had few opportunities of examining the orchestration of scores of contemporary composers; to-day he can obtain beautifully printed copies of pretty well every important new work. The ideal state of things will be reached when publication precedes first performance, so that reviewers and critics may be able to help the public by quoting themes and giving some information about the general character of a new work. The three scores received for review call for no more than brief notice, as the music has recently been heard in London and elsewhere. The Bach-Elgar Fugue has already taken its place as one of the most immediately popular orchestral works of recent years, and the publication of the score should be a boon to students. Those who wish to see the complete orchestral bag of tricks

employed in the most telling fashion in a brief space will see it here. Moreover, the score supplies us with an exposition of the principle of transcription as opposed to mere arrangement. The recent discussion on the subject, brought about by this example, showed that a good many musicians confuse the two things. Thus we had the futile complaint that the orchestral version sounded very different from the original. Of course it did, because the material had to be translated into the terms of the new medium.

The result was that instead of being reminded of the organ we had the effect of a work composed for the modern orchestra. Had Elgar transcribed the work for string quartet it would have sounded like a piece of chamber music, and the less it recalled the organ the better the job would have been done. It is worth notice that musicians are now expressing the view that the best pianoforte transcriptions of Bach's organ works are those which give us the music in the idiom of the pianoforte instead of attempting to reproduce the purely organ effects of the original. And organists, in transcribing orchestral works, have mostly made the mistake of trying to give us as much instrumental detail as possible, instead of following the example of the best French transcribers, who aim rather at the production of an effective and practicable piece of organ music. The fact is, in music as in literature, transcription is to no small extent creative work, and a first-rate transcriber is really a composer at second hand. This digression calls for no apology; the subject is one that seems likely to be more and more in the air, and the sooner the widely varying views are laid on the table the sooner we shall arrive at some working principles. Anyway, here is the full score of the Bach-Elgar Fugue—not a miniature, by the by, but a full-sized copy, ready for the conductor's desk or the student's library.

Full-size too is the score of Bax's *November Woods* (Murdoch). Of the work itself there is no need to speak, save to express the opinion that another performance is long overdue. Those who wish to read a detailed review of *November Woods* will find one by Mr. Edwin Evans in the February issue of the *Sackbut*. By the way, my review copy has a blue pencil mark on the cover drawing attention to the words 'Printed in England.' We have heard so much lately about the art of music engraving being more or less a German affair, that we are glad to be able to speak in high terms of these full scores, not only in regard to engraving and printing, but in the hardly less important matters of binding and quality of paper. Nothing better could be wished for, and if superior work is done abroad it hasn't met my eyes so far.

From Durand, Paris, comes a miniature score of Ravel's *La Valse*, a work not for every palate, but an amazingly brilliant piece of orchestration. The size is rather larger than that of our old friends the Donajowski miniature scores, but not too big for a sensible jacket pocket. The student who has these three widely different examples of modern orchestration before him may give his text-books a rest.

H. G.

### SONGS

Out of a parcel containing between thirty and forty songs a few are easily selected as being distinctly above the average. To some of these can be applied Benedetto and Croce's definition of

beauty as successful expression. Prominent among them are Eric Fogg's *Songs of Love and Life* (Elkin). The words are from a volume of poems by Rabindranath Tagore, entitled *The Gardener*. The composer has assimilated the different moods of the poet, and has committed to music his own sympathetic response to them. Applied to these songs, the term 'set to music' seems a little stiff and conventional. The inornate accompaniment to *Peace* suits the tranquil cadences of the music and the prose poet's resonances of thought, which would be dispelled by any overloading of harmonies. The words of *Free me from the bonds of your sweetness* are of a more exotic character, and the composer expresses himself correspondingly with more colour and fantasy. In *The dusky path of a dream* the underlying motif is the tenuity of the insubstantial vision, which is well expressed in the delicate tracery of the melody and in the harmonies and arabesques of the accompaniment. Tagore's shadowy flight of fancy is finely sensed in this song. Though quite personal and original it is, together with *It was in May*, in direct line of succession from Debussy's *Chansons de Bilitis*. *One morning in the garden* is not equal to the others, but is a simple and direct rendering of the theme of the blind girl who offered the poet a flower chain and knew not how beautiful was her gift.

John Ireland's Album of Six Songs, *The Land of Lost Content* (Augener) draws on A. E. Housman's *A Shropshire Lad*. *The Lost Lily* evokes at once the English dells and hedgerows of almost any county, while the fitful rhythm of its setting recalls very especially the Westmorland poet's fluttering daffodils. The melody is joyous and lively to suit the 'spring's array' of primrose and wind-flower. *The Encounter* is more realistic with its march accompaniment in the bass. Syncopated harmonies are elaborated in the treble, and sustain a martial melody. The poignancy of *Lad's Love* and *The Vain Desire* is achieved by what seems simple means. But it is just this economy of treatment which is so difficult, and denotes the experienced hand.

Herbert Hughes's *Parodies* (Books 1 and 2): *Nursery Rhymes reset for Voice and Piano-forte* (Metzner) throw one's mind into the state depicted by the late Coquelin *ainé* in the French song he was wont to sing describing a man haunted by a tune. All his activities were set to its persistent rhythm. Finally he threw himself into the Seine, and in the act of drowning the water gurgled in and out of his mouth to the accompaniment of the same obsessing tune. In *Parodies* phrases from all sorts of well-known compositions are turned topsy-turvy, and are used as leitmotifs or accompaniments or melodies. *A frog he would a-wooing go*, so he sets off on his amorous pilgrimage to the accompaniment of an inverted and demoralised Fugue of Bach, and *Old King Cole* is described as 'a merry old soul' on a shatter-pated phrase from Isolde's *Liebsteid* which persists at intervals through the song. In *Hey, diddle diddle*, cat, fiddle, cow, dog, dish, and spoon execute their several antics, in *moto perpetuo*, to a burlesque of Weber's *Il moto continuo*. A bar from Beethoven, scraps of an Italian opera or German lied are fitted in here and there to these musical jig-saw puzzles, along with many another too familiar phrase which however sometimes refuses to allow itself to be 'spotted' until one's mind is in a worse

state than Coquelin's drowning man, because instead of being obsessed by one tune, half-a-dozen or more are jazzing unnamed in one's brain. *Three Satirical Songs* (Enoch), by the same composer, are equally clever and amusing, and *A Cradle Hymn* (Enoch), from a poem by Isaac Watts, is a charming and soothing lullaby.

*Two Songs for Children: A Mystery and From a Bedroom Window*, by H. V. Jervis Read (Elkin), are certain to delight the kiddies, for whom they are intended, as well as the grown-ups who will sing them to the youngsters. Gabriel Setown's words expressing the child's wonder at the mystery of the clean, always well-washed flowers, and the longing of the invalid boy for the coming Spring and the open air are well reproduced by the composer. His sea-song or shanty of *Linchouse Wharf* (Elkin) is equally successful. In his *Caprice* (Elkin) he gives an artistic rendering of Francis Thompson's words.

*Huit Chansons* by E. Jaques-Dalcroze (Société Anonyme des Editions Genève) do not reveal any special distinction. They are settings of poems by Henry Spiess. There is in some of them a good deal of striving for effect, and the effects are often realised for the pleasure of those to whom they will appeal. *Summer Holidays*, also by Jaques-Dalcroze (Augener), is a cantata for children's voices. There are songs for all the little performers in this summer masque. The songs are tuneful, and will be easily learnt.

*Cinq Poèmes de Ronsard*, by C. Saint-Saëns (Durand, Paris), will not add greatly to this composer's posthumous fame. Some are facile, like *Graissette* and *Maigrette* and *A Saint Blaise*. None of them give evidence of any particular inspiration or originality.

Six songs of C. Villiers Stanford (Cramer), severally named *The Monkey's Carol*, *Drop me a Flower*, *The Winds of Bethlehem*, *Lullaby*, *The Unknown Sea*, and *A Song of the Bow*, will be acceptable to the admirers of this composer's music. They are easy both for singer and accompanist. *Soliloquy*, by George Oldroyd (Elkin), will meet with popularity. The reiterated arpeggios in the accompaniment are a trifle monotonous. It is published in three keys.

*An Eastern Lover*, by John H. Foulds (Enoch), from a text selected from *The Song of Songs*, is not of any marked originality but is suitable to those who like a distinct melody in voice and accompaniment.

Very melodious and facile are S. Coleridge-Taylor's *The Gift Rose*, *She rested by the Broken Brook*, and *Until* (Winthrop Rogers). L. L.

#### A PIANOFORTE AND VIOLA SONATA

Miss Rebecca Clarke's Sonata for viola (or violoncello) has already been heard in public, and on the whole the comments it excited were favourable. It is now published by Messrs. Chester, and the reading of the score justifies both the praise we gave and the misgivings we felt while the Sonata was being played. Throughout the work there appears an admirable determination to do something new and striking, to avoid all that is 'crooked and awry'—to quote from the play of the hour—and to make boldly for new paths, new ventures, and new goals. Now it would hardly be fair to suggest that Miss Clarke has achieved this giant's task. Clearly her strength is not quite equal

to the intention, as she will undoubtedly perceive when her own powers of criticism and observation have ripened. At the same time, it is but too easy to do less than justice to a work of this kind. A Sonata for viola and pianoforte has its own problems, and they are problems which apparently more experienced composers than Miss Clarke have found little to their liking, for the literature of the instrument is exceedingly limited. Miss Clarke undoubtedly deserves much credit for balancing her parts well, and, more particularly, for showing the resources of her instrument in the best light. She possesses many of the qualities that qualify for composition; but she must acquire the art of skilful and drastic curtailment. Much that is good in the Sonata is less effective because it is preceded and followed by indifferent matter. This will come in time, for the Sonata is very promising in some ways. But composition, like husbandry, implies a knowledge of pruning as well as of planting, although the subject does not appear in the curricula of music schools.

B. V.

## ORGAN MUSIC

Eugène Gigout's *One Hundred Short Pieces for Organ or Harmonium* (Chester) are on the lines in which this admirable composer has long since worked with success. In some respects they are more useful than his previous sets of short pieces. For one thing they are longer as a whole, and there is a larger proportion of movements suitable for in- and out-voluntaries as well as for interlude purposes. Another good point is the addition of an optional pedal part in many of the pieces. The degree of difficulty is perhaps a trifle higher, but as the difficulties are purely manual, instead of being concerned with pedals or with independence of hands and feet—the knottiest point of all—any pianist or organist with a fair technique in polyphonic playing will find little that will give him trouble. As in his former albums of this kind, Gigout writes about half the pieces in the ecclesiastical modes. Players and composers who wish for guidance in the free handling of ancient tonality will learn much from Gigout's delightful examples. The collection is published in the handy form of three books, each containing about thirty pieces.

Alan Gray's *Twelve Short Preludes*, in one book (Augener), are also for the benefit of players who cannot improvise or who wish to avoid the necessity. There is an obligatory pedal part, though only two staves are employed. These well-written pieces are as English as Gigout's are French. As they occupy on an average from two to two and a half minutes in performance, they will serve well for in- and out-voluntaries.

Further admirable specimens of this useful kind of work are C. H. Kitson's *Three Voluntaries* (Augener).

No doubt many of us have tried our hand at playing Ravel's *Pavane pour une Infante Défunte* on the organ from the pianoforte score, feeling that there was much in the grave beauty of the music that would be well brought out by our instrument. A real organ transcription is at last available, made by A. Seutin (Demets, Paris). Although there are some excellent points in this version, the composer has retained some purely pianistic features that will not 'come off' on the organ, e.g., the demisemiquaver *rapide* whips-up, which can be made delicate on the

pianoforte, but which on the organ must be of the same power as the sustained part played with them. Mr. Seutin might with advantage have given us fewer notes here and there, seeing that we have 4-ft. and 16-ft. stops for duplicating purposes. Some of the wide stretches, too, are easy on the pianoforte, where they may be spread and the sustaining pedal used, whereas on the organ they must be taken cleanly and held. Organists will find this arrangement useful as a version which they can easily modify and make workable. No doubt they will decide, too, that the directions for *ff* are ill-advised, especially the example at the end, following *pp*. The *fortissimo* of a big modern organ is bound to be noisy, whereas that of a pianoforte and even of an orchestra is not necessarily so. Faulty as this transcription is, we are glad to have it. By its aid the *Pavane* can be made into a very impressive organ solo.

The ground-bass is a form that has long been associated with the organ, and no instrument is so well able to give it due effect, so there is room for Reginald Goss-Custard's transcription of Dohnányi's *March on a Ground-Bass* (Lengnick). This effective treatment of the first four notes of the descending scale was written for pianoforte, but gains in every way from its transference to the organ. It is only moderately difficult, but care and taste are needed in the matter of registration in order that the steady persistence of the *ostinato* be not broken. This March should be a popular recital piece, its skill and musicianship pleasing the player, and its picturesque character appealing to the average hearer.

Two numbers of Paxton's Organ Library show a very wide difference in quality. J. Stuart Archer's *Five Short Variations on a Scots Air* are not only well written but poetic. Mr. Archer has a neat hand for this kind of work. The air is that beautiful specimen 'Gala Water,' and it should make many new friends through these charming Variations. The other piece is J. A. Meale's *Fountain Melody*, the commonplace character of which is not disguised by such directions as 'with grandeur,' 'intensify,' 'somewhat languid,' and a glowing descriptive paragraph at the beginning. If such labels could be heard they might help things along, but as they are only seen . . .

H. G.

## BACH ARIAS

A second set of solos from the sacred cantatas of Bach has just been issued by Novello. The album for soprano contains four songs: the tenderly-simple 'Open wide, my heart' (*Come, Redeemer*), 'Father, what I proffer' (*Give the hungry man thy bread*), 'I have waited for the Lord' (*How brightly shines*), and 'Come, visit, ye glowing, ye God-given ardours, a splendid, swinging air from *If thou but sufferest*. Of the four contralto numbers, the palm is divided between the long and flowing 'The Lord hath heard' (*Lord, rebuke me not*) and the poignant 'Jesus sleeps,' from the cantata of the same name. The four tenor airs are all of the florid type, but they are florid in widely different ways. The example from *Come, Redeemer*, flows along in pastoral measure; 'What voice is in the tempest' is a trying test in rhythm and intonation; 'Tuneful harps and voices' and 'Thou art my God' have the jubilant swing of a Handel song. The bass set contains the recitative, 'Ah, when on that great day,' from *Watch ye, pray ye*, leading into the noble air,



'Blessed Resurrection Day,' with its interrupting *presto* section, 'Clash now, crash now, Judgment Day.' The harmonization of the well-known Luther's hymn in the accompaniment to the recitative is worth studying. A dramatic bass with a big voice will find splendid scope in this number. Of the remaining three songs, 'With Jesus will I go' (*Wailing, crying*) is perhaps the finest. These handy albums are important additions to the vocal repertory. For both singer and accompanist the task set is never light, and is often heavy; but long and hard as they may work they are not likely to exhaust the beauty and interest of the music.

H. G.

## SOME ELEMENTARY PIANOFORTE MUSIC

A batch of pianoforte albums and pieces, ranging from very easy to moderately difficult, and providing an attractive and varied selection for young pianists, can be dealt with only briefly. Particularly useful for developing lightness of touch are Felix Swinstead's *Five Caprices* (Bosworth). Although not difficult, these admirably-written little pieces require neat handling. From the same publishers are two pleasantly-written albums for quite elementary players—Herbert Fryer's *Tunes for Totola* (seven in number), and Una Bourne's *Days of Old* (three short dances); and for more advanced players, *A Little English Suite*, well-written and straightforward in style, by Felix Corbett.

Edith Alford's *Five Sketches from Grimm's Fairy-Tales* (Elkin) provide useful practice, and are calculated to stimulate the youthful imagination. *Little Preludes*—four expressive movements—by H. V. Jervis-Read, and H. Scott-Baile's lively *Dance of the Dominoes*, issue from the same firm.

Three *Western Dances* by Gustave Lind (Augener) are characteristic examples of this popular composer's work, and are published in separate numbers in both solo and duet form. For beginners Geoffrey Shaw has provided *A Medley* (Winthrop Rogers)—eight tuneful pieces in the five-finger position.

In *First Adventures on the Keyboard* (J. H. Larway, two books) Ernest Austin, who has written much charming music for young players, has endeavoured, he tells us, to make the beginner's pianoforte lessons 'easy and jolly.' Book 1 is a course of easy lessons, carefully graduated, in which duet-playing with the teacher forms a big part. Book 2 is a series of supplementary solo pieces with the compass of five notes for each hand, in easy keys. These make a really capital selection of pieces, and may be recommended for use in conjunction with any other 'First Course.'

Elementary players will find useful recreation in Ernest Newton's *Romany Life* (Novello), a suite of four short pieces. More difficult, and requiring a full-sized hand, are *A Minuet*, *a Little Waltz*, and *a Rondo*, under one cover, by Gustave Robert (Goodwin & Tabb).

*Twelve Studies in Style and Expression*, by B. Burrows (Augener) are gracefully written, and will afford pleasure as well as profit to the young pianist. They are moderately easy. H. Baynton-Power has provided light recreative fare in *The Enchanted Garden* (J. H. Larway)—six melodiously-written *Impressions* of only moderate difficulty.

Finally, from Anton Benjamin (Hamburg) come a set of seven books of graded studies, and six *Sonatina Albums* edited by Edmund Parlow. Interspersed with the sonatina movements are pieces by

modern composers—Tchaikovsky, Raff, Jensen, &c. Both sets are for elementary and middle stages.

G. G.

## Gramophone Notes

BY 'DISCUS'

With a month's arrears to overtake and an editorial threat as to space, this batch of records—all H.M.V.—must be run over briefly. Pride of place among the vocal examples must go to a couple of Chaliapin's—Moussorgsky's fine song, *The Prophet*, and Schumann's *The Two Grenadiers* (12-in.). The latter has the great pull in being familiar, otherwise I fancy most of us would decide that *The Prophet* was the better song. The Schumann record is perhaps an improvement on the platform performance. During his recent visit Chaliapin was a bit inclined to play to the gallery in the last verse, acting rather than singing. There is no call for acting before the recorder, so he seems to have been content to sing—with the best results.

A 12-in. d.-s. record gives us Peter Dawson in everybody's old friend 'Non più andrai' and 'Credo' from Verdi's *Otello*. Both are sung in English. This ought to be another way of indicating that you will hear what Mr. Dawson is singing about, but I am sorry to have to say that you will do so only in snatches. Evidently there is a special technique required in articulation for gramophone purposes, and very few singers have acquired it so far. This same excellent singer is heard also on a 10-in. d.-s. in a couple of new songs, *The Smuggler's Song*, by Kernochan, and *The Pauper's Drive*, by Homer—not he who 'smote his bloomin' lyre,' but an American descendant. In both these songs the words are far clearer, so we have another example of the capricious results I have frequently mentioned. Why should there be so much difference, or, indeed, any difference at all?

Of the other vocal records *Santa Lucia luntana* by Mario is a poorish song well sung by Beniamino Gigli (10-in.); Rosina Buckman is heard to advantage in Mendelssohn's *On wings of Song* and 'Thou art flown' (*Tales of Hoffmann*) (12-in.); Emmy Destinn rather less so in 'Morrò, ma prima in grazia,' from *Un Ballo in Maschera* (12-in.); that amazing veteran Battistini sings Carissimi's *Vittoria! Vittoria!* (10-in.)—with rather too violently contrasted *tempi*, I venture to say; and Edna Thornton gives us the music but not many of the words of *Barbara Allen* and Sachan's *One perfect night* (10-in. d.-s.).

Among the chamber music records my choice is a 12-in. d.-s. of the Catterall Quartet in the *Allegro* of Haydn's Quartet in G (Op. 76, No. 1), and the *Agitato* of Brahms in B flat (Op. 67). Both are unusually clear, the jolly Haydn being especially telling. The same players are heard in the *Andante* from Schumann's Quartet in F (Op. 41, No. 2), and the *Scherzo* of Tchaikovsky's (Op. 22) (12-in. d.-s.). This record is hardly so good, some of the soft passages being a trifle too much so. Some happy day the gramophone will be induced to shed the last vestage of surface noises, and then chamber music players may go to work as delicately as they like without loss.

A good 12-in. record is that of the Flonzaley party in the *Allegro moderato à la Polka* from Smetana's E minor Quartet.

Heifetz is recorded with the usual success in Sarasate's *Zigeunerweisen* (12-in.), and Mischa Elman plays Mendelssohn's *Song without Words* in E (No. 36 in the complete set). On the label it is called *Cradle Song*, but it hardly suggests a lullaby. It makes a good violin solo, though as recorded here the pianoforte accompaniment is so faint at times that we don't get the harmonic basis as clearly as we should like.

The most satisfying pianoforte record is Lamond's in Liszt's *Ronde des Lutins* and the second movement of Beethoven's Sonata in F, Op. 10, No. 2 (10-in. d.s.). The 10-in. d.s. of Cortot—a coup'e of Chopin Études (Op. 10, No. 5 and Op. 25, No. 9)—suffers from some faint patches, at all events on my engine. A showy affair is Mark Hambourg's performance of d'Albert's version of Bach's Organ Prelude and Fugue in D major. To those who have not been brought up on the original form of this brilliant work I suppose the result is fine—it must be, judging from its popularity. But organists will miss all sorts of effects that only their instrument can give—the sustained bass, the suspensions, and especially the polyphony of the dramatic minor passage at the end of the Prelude. All the feeling and nobility goes with the *sostenuto*. The Fugue is played at a tremendous rate—too much so for clearness, in places—and the emphatic pulling-up at the cadences is opposed to the spirit of a piece that is nothing if not a *moto perpetuo*. The *Alla Breve* section of the Prelude, however, is made interesting by the good round pace. On the organ it is usually played so slowly that we cannot help being made aware of the poverty of a good deal of its material. But I should like to take Hambourg and all the other players of this pianoforte version of the work and make them hear it played by one of our best organists. They would either want to study the organ (as Liszt wanted to after hearing Best p'ay) or they would decide to keep their hands off Bach's organ music and give the '48' and the clavier works a show instead. The Samuel recitals have shown that there is a big public ready for the latter.

## London Concerts

### ORIANA MADRIGAL SOCIETY

This versatile choir sang even better than usual on March 7. What is the supreme test of a choir? The ability to sing superlatively well one work diligently prepared for competitive purposes, or the showing of its mettle in music of diverse styles? The question (which surely answers itself) is called forth by Mr. Ernest Newman's *Sunday Times* comment on the fact that he had, a few days before, heard a working-class choir at a competition in Scotland sing Morley's *Arise, Awake* better than the Oriana Society sang it on this occasion. That may be so, but a comparison of the kind has little value, because with the competitive choir the Madrigal had been a kind of obsession for months; it was sung to Mr. Newman after unlimited rehearsal, and aided by the stimulus of the arena. With the London singers *Arise, Awake* was merely one item in an exacting programme the whole of which was sung from memory after—how many rehearsals? Seven! Is it daring to suggest that the Oriana might have reached the working-class choir standard in the Morley had the singers really set themselves to that task and let the

rest go? Let us be glad they did nothing of the sort. The three Oriana concerts per season are among the choicest of London's music-makings, and we wouldn't lose one of them for the sake of that little bit of super-choralism which seems to be obtainable only north of the Trent, and then only in single works at competitions or similar special occasions. However . . .

An audience so crowded that the late-arriving members thereof had to sit on the floor had a feast of old and new in Madrigals by Morley, John Ward (the splendid *Hope of my Heart*), Pilkington, rounds by Byrd and the inexhaustible Anon., chansons by Jannequin, sung in French (the delightful *Ce mois de may*, and *La Bataille de Marignan*, a famous old piece of programme music of small musical value, but of great historic interest and fiendishly difficult), part-songs by Parry and Stanford, settings of North Country Folk-songs by W. G. Whittaker, and Bax's Carol for small choir, harp, 'cello, and double-bass, *Of a Rose I sing a Song*—this last-named heard for the first time and so much enjoyed that its second performance followed immediately. Midway through these good things a party of members of the English Folk-Dance Society gave a half-dozen of old dances with great success. It is good news that Mr. Kennedy Scott and his singers, finding Æolian Hall too small to house their audiences, are repeating this concert elsewhere—at the Guildhouse, Eccleston Square (March 14), Sevenoaks (March 25), and at King Edward Hall, Finchley, on April 4. H. G.

### THE NEWCASTLE BACH CHOIR: LONDON FESTIVAL

Here is another choir whose excellence lies rather in the quantity and quality of the things it sings than in the way it sings them. It would be easy to name a good many choral bodies (even in the despised and voiceless South) who on purely technical grounds could give our Newcastle friends a start and a beating. But it would be hard to find three to approach them in enterprise and enthusiasm. Their choralism is far more than a recreation; it is a high adventure, a crusade. The choir is a babe in years (b. 1915), but it is a veteran in repertory, as this tale shows: both the Bach Passions, the *Christmas Oratorio*, all the Motets, forty Cantatas, a number of instrumental works, Byrd's five-part Mass, Holst's *Hymn of Jesus*, and works by Vaughan Williams, Bantock, Walford Davies, Bax, Dale, Goossens, Delius, Balfour Gardiner, Howells, Boughton, and Bainton. Its visit to London was a great success, large audiences attending the two concerts at Æolian Hall (February 22 and 23) and St. Michael's, Cornhill (February 24). We heard some Cantatas that have almost certainly not been heard in London before—*There arose a great strife; O God, how many pains of heart; Comfort sweet; and O fire everlasting*—besides Motets, songs, and instrumental items. The soloists were Misses Dorothy Silk and Margaret Champneys, and Messrs. Steuart Wilson and Clive Carey, with Mr. Harold Darke in charge of the continuo and Mr. Gerald Cooper at the harpsichord. Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse delighted us with harpsichord solos—*Partita in G*, &c. Dr. W. G. Whittaker conducted. He and his singers are to be thanked for many things, but perhaps the most valuable result of their efforts is the proof that these works of Bach, hitherto regarded as forbiddingly difficult and unvocal, are well within the powers of a choir of moderate size and average material. (There is a compliment rather than a slight in those last two



words.) On the question of the rightness of performing Bach's choral works with a small choir in preference to a large one there is a good deal more to be said than purists appear to realise. Take one point only: Bach used a small force not from choice, but necessity. Had the result of his limitations been music suited only for a small choir there would have been one Bach problem the less. But we are hit in the face by the fact that most of his choral music is of a character that can not only carry a large body of tone; it even demands such resources. Nobody suggests that the B minor Mass should be sung by a small choir, yet it is certain that Bach never heard any of it sung by a large one. Are we therefore to attempt it with a handful of picked singers? Although much of the music of the Cantatas is of an intimate character, many of their choruses are on too big a scale for a small choir—e.g., the tremendous opening number of *Ein feste Burg*. But the most convincing argument is to be found in the Motets. What sized choir sang them under Bach? Just a little group of boys and men. Should we care to hear (say) *Sing ye to the Lord* performed by a choir of thirty? A few exceptional singers to a part might get through it flawlessly, but only a big choir can give us all there is in the music, and (what is even more important) do it without the sense of effort that is always present in a performance by a choir of less than a hundred and fifty to two hundred voices. Now that Bach's smaller choral works are coming into their own, there are a good many questions calling for early discussion. Meanwhile our hats are off to Dr. Whittaker and his fellow enthusiasts. H. G.

#### THE HYMN OF JESUS AT THE ALBERT HALL

When first it was reported that the Royal Choral Society had decided to perform *The Hymn of Jesus* there were many who inclined to doubt the authenticity of the information. It was said, on the one hand, that the Royal Choral Society had never shown much partiality for modern music, and that the rather complex texture of Mr. Holst's *Hymn* would act as a deterrent. On the other hand, the most desirable things are those which, as a rule, do not happen, and it was desirable in every way that *The Hymn of Jesus* should be tried in the Albert Hall by a choral organization not inferior in numbers to the Royal Society's chorus. The composer has obviously thought of the innumerable legions of heaven rather than of sopranos and altos, tenors and basses of an earthly choir when he was writing his monumental work, and if the Albert Hall is not exactly the musician's idea of heaven, it is spacious and it lends itself to all kind of effects of distance, including those which occur in the *Hymn* of Mr. Holst. On the whole, our expectations were not disappointed. Sir Hugh Allen, who conducted the *Hymn*, secured some fine effects of sonority and majesty. There was also unusual clearness in the choral singing, and conductor and choir well deserved the congratulations of the numerous audience. The only fly in the ointment was represented by the orchestra, which was, or seemed, numerically not quite adequate. The majestic figure in the bass which follows upon the choral outburst, *Glory to Thee, Father*, was dwarfed by the very fulness and gorgeous sonority of the choral tone. But of course this was inevitable in the circumstances, and the experience was, otherwise, memorable. In the first place, it showed in a new

light certain sections of one of the most remarkable works of recent years. In the second, it proved beyond doubt that the Royal Choral Society is quite capable of appreciating and performing in a most satisfactory manner a work both modern and certainly not easy. The remainder of the programme was overburdened with so's of mediocre interest. An excellent performance was given (under the conductorship of the composer) of Sir Frederick Bridge's *The Forging of the Anchor*—a good work, but typical of a fashion that is no longer ours. Brahms's *Song of Destiny* was also sung at the beginning of the concert, with, however, less general finish and less spirit. B. V.

#### MR. FRANK BRIDGE AND THE PHILHARMONIC

The Royal Philharmonic Society had promised nothing out of the way for February 23, and during the day or two before the concert there had been argument among the gods whether even so ordinary a promise should be allowed fulfilment. Some ungracious god, enemy to Apollo, smote with sickness first one conductor, Sir Landon Ronald, then another, Mr. Eugène Goossens. Apollo won, however, having in reserve a faithful servant, Mr. Frank Bridge, one who, for all his long faithfulness, had not been rewarded with full generosity by the Olympian powers. Still he sallied forth, saved the precarious situation, and after this will surely come into richer honours. For though there cannot have been much rehearsing even for Strauss's *Don Juan*, the C minor Fugue of Bach-cum-Elgar, and the Concerto (Lalo-cum-Thibaud), and probably still less for Beethoven's fifth Symphony, the concert was not to be denied real brilliance, and the reflection was made that once in a while a precarious situation is not so very unwelcome. No one of the Philharmonic musicians, for all their experience, could dare to be anything but alert in these circumstances—even in 'the C minor' they had to 'look out.' Danger was where danger had never been before. A slip or two was actually made, and it was very exhilarating. It was a night that Mr. Frank Bridge will remember; one also for which he deserves to be held in remembrance. The touching *Shropshire Lad* Rhapsody of George Butterworth was the purely native piece on the programme. C.

#### SIR HENRY WOOD'S CONCERTS

Sir Henry Wood's symphony concert at Queen's Hall, on March 11, began with a Suite of three Fantastic Dances, by the Spaniard Joaquín Turina—a name not unknown already either here or in the smaller concert rooms. These dances beguiled us in moderation with their hints of swaying bodies and of clear and coloured southern nights. This 'moderation' is perhaps less a reproach to Turina's pleasant art than to ourselves, but somehow it is not easy to be lightly beguiled at a Saturday afternoon symphony concert in London. If our heads are to be turned the brew must be strong. The proud art of M. Thibaud took up with the Concerto in B minor of Saint-Saëns. It is interesting to have been presented to royalty, even though royalty said nothing to you of much note. The Symphony that afternoon was Beethoven's Second. At the previous concert (February 25) it had been Schubert's in B minor, and M. Moiseiwitsch played Tchaikovsky—nimblest of jockeys on a Derby winner (the B flat minor Concerto). C.

## A SET-BACK IN THE MILE END ROAD

The best that can be said about it is that it did not come a week before, so that at least a sadly and singularly beautiful performance of the *London* Symphony of Ralph Vaughan Williams was saved from the wreck. The premature end of the symphony concerts of the British Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Adrian C. Boult at the People's Palace, Mile End, occurred on March 5. They were the best Sunday concerts in London, but the hall could be only one-third filled, so the deficit was crushing. The programmes were of purely orchestral music—not an irresistible lure for people of the locality, who possibly might have been more engaged with a little of the personal and dramatic interest of solo singing and concerto playing; while people of other localities did not appreciate exactly where Mile End is, or how easy of access. The set-back is sad, but it may be made good next autumn. Meanwhile there is the best performance yet heard of Vaughan Williams's Symphony to the credit of orchestra and conductor. Or at any rate the fresh winds and tides of the music seemed this time to sing a more direct appeal. We were helped to hear the composer's recent *Pastoral* Symphony by this forerunner, and now the forerunner gives up more secrets in the new work's light. Rare music!

C.

## THE BIRMINGHAM QUARTET

The Birmingham Quartet, which has been winning high praise on its recent tour, gave a concert at a private house on March 18. The combination represents Mr. Percival Hodgson (first violin), Mr. Frank Venton (second violin), Miss Grace Burrows (viola), and Miss Joan Willis (violoncello). The balance is very satisfactory, and the players have achieved a good deal of unanimity. They first played Mozart's Quartet in G, K. 387 and it was at once evident that they are very careful as to detail, and that their phrasing is musical. Their danger is over-attention to minutiae, which obscures the general outline. They are almost too much afraid of exaggeration, and are apt to fall into the opposite fault—lack of robustness; but their chief merit is that they resist the temptation of getting scratchy in strenuous passages. Some want of vigour was perhaps more noticeable in the Variations from Haydn's *Emperor* Concerto, which were if anything too elegantly played, and had not quite the breadth which can be given to them. Luckily we can now enjoy the beauty of the melody without thinking of the sinister associations which gathered round it. The performance of Ravel's Quartet was imaginative and flexible, and Mr. Hodgson and Miss Willis played solos.

A. K.

## THE LENER QUARTET

The Lener Quartet from Budapest came to London heralded by not a few nor over-temperate 'advance notices.' But, on the whole, its performance on March 15 did not disappoint the expectations of the wise. The Quartet consists of Messrs. Jeño Lener (leader), Joseph Smilovits (second violin), Sandor Roth (viola), and Imre Hartman ('cello), who form a group of well-balanced and exceedingly well-drilled players. Common aims and sympathies give to their performances a unanimity of colour and expression which are, of course, most valuable. If the leader tends at times to assert his authority he

evidently does so with the full consent of his colleagues. Balance and quality of tone are for them of supreme importance. Even the passionate eloquence of Brahms cannot induce them to overstep the self-imposed limits. When they have agreed to a climax their tone will be robust and sonorous. But they do not allow tone to wait on sentiment, but rather feeling on tone. Thus the impression the listener derives is one of extraordinary smoothness and finish, qualities which added much to the charm of Ravel's Quartet in F, although they made Brahms's Quartet in A minor perhaps more severely beautiful and less human than it is wont to be. Haydn's Quartet in D major suited to perfection the reticence of the leader, who in Haydn got more of the lion's share of honour and responsibility than his devoted partners.

B. V.

## MISS DOROTHY SILK'S 'ANCIENT' CONCERTS

Miss Dorothy Silk gave at Steinway Hall the last of her 'Concerts of Old Music,' with the collaboration of a number of excellent musicians, including the Pennington String Quartet, Dr. Harold Darke, Miss Norah Dawney, and a contingent of the Newcastle Bach Choir under Dr. Whittaker. It was the occasion of congratulations to the delightful singer who so happily cultivates the field of 17th century and early 18th century music, for her out-of-the-way concerts have not meant a pecuniary loss. She had a well-filled hall, and the series is likely to be continued. To hear Miss Silk sing the *Evening Hymn* of Purcell on this afternoon was to drop the carping habit of analysis in the feeling that the sweet music had quite simply found its natural outlet in this singer's accents. There were also some numbers of Bach from the *Schemelli Hymn Book* as touchingly sung, and the Church cantata, No. 115, came at the end.

C.

## CHALIAPIN

Bowled over by a cold immediately on his arrival here from America, Chaliapin had to postpone his recital from the date fixed (February 16) to February 24. A crowded Albert Hall greeted him. He had not fully recovered, and his three groups of songs, without the glamour of that wonderful voice to transfigure them, seemed in most cases poor stuff. Miss Isolde Menges and Mr. H. L. Balfour played violin and organ solos. On the following Monday—February 27—Chaliapin gave an extra recital at Queen's Hall, where a big audience heard him to far greater advantage. He brought down the house with his final group—'comique songs,' he called them—that included the Moussorgsky *Flea*, and one or two songs in which the joke was concerned with mild inebriation. Here he carried realism, especially in the matter of gesture, a trifle beyond the limits generally allowed to the concert singer,—for example, in the Moussorgsky song, the little wriggle of the shoulders at 'To scratch they were forbidden' (we could see the bitten courtiers longing for a convenient post) and the fruity voice and hint of a stagger in 'One night the old miller came home drunk.' Acting rather than singing, this; but so far from complaining, the audience was insatiable, and gave up asking for more only when Chaliapin, after a lot of recalls, stood pointing pathetically to his Adam's apple.

H. G.

(Continued on page 260.)

## I weigh not Fortune's frown

MADRIGAL FOR FIVE VOICES

BY

ORLANDO GIBBONS

Transcribed by H. ELLIOT BUTTON

LONDON: NOVELLO AND COMPANY, LIMITED; NEW YORK: THE H. W. GRAY CO., SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.

*♩ = about 116.*

1st SOPRANO. *mf* I weigh not, I weigh not For - - tune's frown . .

2nd SOPRANO. - - - - -

ALTO. *mf* I . . . weigh . . not . . For-tune's frown . . . .

TENOR. *mf* I . . . weigh not For tune's

BASS. - - - - -

PIANO (For practice only) *mf* *♩ = about 116.*

*mf* nor smile, nor smile, I weigh

I . . . weigh . . not For - tune's frown nor

nor smile, not For - - tune's frown nor smile, I weigh

frown nor smile, . . . . not Fortune's frown nor smile, I . . . .

I weigh not For - - - tune's frown

not For - - tune's frown nor . . . . .

smile, I weigh not For - - tune's frown . . . . . nor

. . . not For - - tune's frown nor smile, I weigh not For - tune's frown, I . .

weigh not For - tune's frown, not For - tune's frown nor

nor smile, frown nor • smile, I

smile, I joy not much in . . . earth - ly joys,

smile, I

. . weigh not For - tune's frown nor smile, I joy not much in earth - ly joys, . .

smile, I joy not much in earth - ly joys, . . . . . earth .

joy not much in earth . . . ly joys, I joy . . . not



*cres.*

I joy not much in earth - ly joys, in earth - ly

*cres.*

joy not much in earth - ly joys, . . . in earth - ly

*cres.*

. . . not much in earth - ly joys, I joy not much, not

*cres.*

- ly joys, . . . I joy not much, not much in earth -

much in earth - ly joys,

*cres.*

joys, I joy not much in earth - ly joys, . . . in

joys, I joy not much in earth - ly joys, . .

much in earth - ly joys, I joy not

- ly joys, I joy not much in earth - ly

*mf* *cres.*

I joy not much in earth - ly joys, . . . in

earth - ly joys, I seek not state, I reake not style, I  
 in earth - ly joys, I seek not  
 much, not much in . . earth - ly joys, I seek . . not state,  
 joys, I seek not state, I reake not style, I seek not  
 earth - ly joys.

seek not state, I reake not style, I seek not state I reake not style, not  
 state, I reake not style, not state, I reake not style, I seek  
 I reake . . not style, I . . reake not style, I . . seek not  
 state, I reake not style, not style, I seek not state, I reake not  
 I seek not state, I reake not style, I

style, I am not fond of Fan-cy's toys, I . .  
 not state, I reake not style, I am not fond of  
 state, I reake not style, I am not fond of Fan-cy's toys, I  
 style, I am not fond of Fan - - cy's  
 seek not state, I reake not style, I am not

. . . am . . not fond . . of Fan-cy's toys,  
 Fan-cy's toys, I am not fond . . . of Fan-cy's toys, of . . .  
 am not fond of Fan-cy's toys, I . . . am not fond of Fan-cy's  
 toys, of Fan-cy's toys, I am not fond . . . of Fan-cy's  
 fond of Fan-cy's toys, I am not fond of Fan-cy's toys, not

*p*  
I rest so pleased . . with what . . . I have,  
*p*  
Fan - cy's toys, I rest so pleased with what I have,  
*p*  
toys, I rest so pleased with what . . I have,  
*p*  
toys, Fan - cy's toys, I rest so . . pleased with what . . I have,  
*p*  
fond of Fan - cy's toys, I rest so pleased with what I have,

The first system of the musical score for 'I Weigh Not Fortune's Frown'. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has four staves: three for vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) and one for the piano accompaniment. The second system has two staves: one for the vocal parts and one for the piano accompaniment. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'p' (piano). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

*mf*  
I wish no more, no more . . I crave, I wish no more,  
*mf*  
I wish no more, no more . . I crave, I wish no more,  
*mf*  
I wish no more, no more . . I crave, I wish no . .  
*mf*  
I wish no more, no more . . I . . crave, . . . I wish no  
*mf*  
I wish no more,

The second system of the musical score. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has four staves: three for vocal parts and one for the piano accompaniment. The second system has two staves: one for the vocal parts and one for the piano accompaniment. The music is in G major and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.



. . no more . . . I crave, I wish no  
 . . no more I crave, I wish no more, no more I crave,  
 . . more, no more . . I crave, . . .  
 more, no more I crave, I wish . . . no more, no  
 . . no more I crave, I wish no more, no more I crave, . .

*cres. al Fine.* *rall.*  
 more, no more I crave, I wish no more, no more . . . I crave.  
*cres. al Fine.* *rall.*  
 I wish no more, no more . . . I crave, no . . more I crave.  
*cres. al Fine.* *rall.*  
 I wish no more, I wish no more, no more I crave.  
*cres. al Fine.* *rall.*  
 more I crave, I . . wish no more, no more . . I crave.  
*cres. al Fine.* *rall.*  
 . . no more I crave, I wish no more, no more . . I crave.

(Continued from page 252.)

## MADAME NIKITINA

No singer who has appeared in London during the past few weeks has made a deeper appeal than Madame Nikitina, who sang at Steinway Hall on March 2. The statement is made in the full knowledge that Chaliapin, Gerhardt, and John Coates are in the count. Unfortunately Madame Nikitina is not well known, and only a few were present to appreciate her qualities. By subtle ways—and the extreme skill which is concealed in them—she gives her interpretations an imaginative beauty that is rarely attained by the singers we are accustomed to hear nowadays. Her programme on this occasion included songs by Bantock, Borodin, Stravinsky (*Printemps au Monastère*), Debussy (*La Chevelure*—wonderfully sung), Strauss, Sibelius, Schubert, and Moussorgsky. M.

## COATES AND PARKER

The evening of the royal wedding offered a solitary musical side-show. This, happily enough, was Mr. Coates in Shakespearean song at Chelsea. Here was yet another experiment in 'juxtaposition'—old and new settings of the same lyric. The hall was not very full. At the next concert, on March 14, the audience encroached on the platform, having come to hear Mr. Coates sing of love as interpreted by British composers. In the same paragraph with Mr. Coates it is proper to put Mr. George Parker, who sang nothing but home-grown songs at Æolian Hall on February 24. There is no need always to write at length about such concerts as these, which we enjoy like an occasional breath of fresh air. M.

## MISCHA ELMAN

The second concert of Mischa Elman was awaited with no less interest than the first, for the programme included the Mendelssohn Concerto—one of Mr. Elman's most popular successes in pre-war days. His recent performance was neither more nor less remarkable than were his performances of ten years ago. His tone is perhaps a little more urgent, and his grip of the music possibly stronger. On the whole, his reading was essentially what it used to be—admirably clear, warm, and full of energy. The general impression of the concert confirmed the opinion formed a few days before, namely, that if technically Elman has nothing to learn from the interpretative point of view, he appears to be somewhat immature, and rather inclined to place flawless execution before a faithful interpretation of the composer's individuality. The Handel Sonata, for instance, with which the concert began, was a capital exhibition of good violin playing, but it was not Handel. There are certain features of Handel's music which cannot be ignored without altering substantially the very character of his music. The judicious addition of a little brandy may add to the merits of a plum-pudding, but a work of art is not a kitchen confection which can be seasoned 'to taste.' If you find Handel 'stodgy,' then it is best to leave Handel alone. Bach's Chaconne, on the other hand, showed to perfection the player's complete mastery of solid violin technique and unexceptionable taste. B. V.

## LOUIS GODOWSKI

It were easy to do Mr. Godowski a serious injustice either by praising too highly his facile talent for violin playing or by placing too much stress on the present lack of any intellectual quality in his readings. The truth is that he has reached the 'awkward age' of players. His hand can do more than his intelligence can control; especially the left hand, whose task is of a more material kind and can be trusted to do almost any trick and do it well. His bowing is in a less advanced stage, for the obvious reason that the bow produces tone, and tone is to the fiddler what style is to the writer—the quintessence of personality. It may all come in time, and it probably will, but at present Mr. Godowski seems fascinated by the lure of a big tone—as are most young violinists at some time or other of their career. This gives to his performances an inevitable monotony relieved, however, by the ease and brilliance of the left-hand work. The programme told us that the recital was 'previous to a Continental tour.' The decision to send this promising player on a Continental tour at his present stage of development is surely unwise. In all probability, a year or two hence he will have improved beyond recognition. His best effort at Steinway Hall was in Lalo's Spanish Suite. B. V.

## MR. HOWARD-JONES'S RECITALS

Mr. Howard-Jones, at three pianoforte recitals at Wigmore Hall, played first some Bach and Brahms, then four Sonatas of Beethoven, including Op. 109, and lastly John Ireland's Sonata, along with some Chopin and Ravel. If 'eurhythm' be the flashing response of almost unerring action to flashing thought, then we saw in many of these performances eurhythm in all its beauty. Images of fitness, cleanness, eagerness, and expertness crossed the mind. The Sonata of Mr. Ireland, it was made clear, had not previously been dealt its due. This time we saw the silver lining of some of its clouds. C.

## WILLIAM MURDOCH

Apart from a not unusual classical programme—does not the Chopin Sonata hold the record for yearly number of performances?—Mr. William Murdoch played on March 11 a number of fairly short, characteristic pieces of the Spanish school—de Falla, Granados, Turina, &c. He played them exceedingly well, with point and grace; above all, with that alertness and zest that are to this music as salt and pepper are to meat. And yet he did not quite succeed in completely hiding the inherent weakness of the music—a weakness that is inevitable if picturesque daintiness and refinement are the main goal of composition. Indeed, if musical idiom continues to develop along present lines we shall all have no 'language but a cry.' Taken apart these pieces are pleasing enough; their taste and texture impeccable. A succession of them, however, is bound to surfeit the appetite as an overdose of the best sauces is apt to do. No one wishes to deny that, at least in the case of Granados and Turina, we do get occasionally something more substantial than tasteful cleverness. But in music that endures the proportion of substantial elements and dainty trifles is usually reversed. B. V.

## HAROLD SAMUEL

Mr. Harold Samuel gave the first of a series of recitals at Æolian Hall on March 18. He realises that he was in danger of being considered exclusively a Bach player—a sort of 'single-speech Hamilton' in music—consequently he has not put any Bach music into his present programme. The chief items of his list on this occasion were two Sonatas of Mozart and the C minor Fantasia and Sonata. Mozart's Pianoforte Sonatas are very seldom heard now, and it is the fashion to say that they are undeservedly neglected; but the reasons for their rare appearance are not far to seek. The C minor Sonata, however, is a work which deserves to live, and a good many of those who heard it were probably surprised at the amount of fine music and strong drama that it contains. Mr. Samuel's programme also included the *Essex Rhapsody* of Armstrong Gibbs, in which he showed that he can play modern music with the best of them, and Sir Charles Stanford's Four Rhapsodies for pianoforte are music with which we can desire better acquaintance. They are not only good music, but effectively written for the instrument. A. K.

## M. EGON PETRI AND OP. 106

M. Egon Petri, the Hungarian pianist and pupil of Busoni, played at Wigmore Hall on February 26 to the scantiest handful of listeners, so short apparently are the memories of those Londoners who crowded to hear him in 1913 or 1914. But for those present he won back his deserved fame. The formidable Sonata in B flat, Op. 106, of Beethoven was played. Petri's relation to Busoni was too well-known for comparisons to be avoided. The pupil is proudly tempered, like the master. He is more self-contained. There is an iron will, but little enough of the older man's personal assertion, expansiveness, and not infrequent caprice. Such judicious grading of tone was to be achieved only by the coolest head and a finger control which one is tempted to call unsurpassable. The performance of the great Sonata, then, made something of the effect of a masterpiece thoroughly wrought well previously, and now for good or ill exhibited in every way definitive. C.

## CHOIRS IN THE SUBURBS

Alexandra Palace Choral and Orchestral Society gave the B minor Mass at the Northern Polytechnic on March 18, under Mr. Allen Gill. The choir was at its best in the more vigorous and majestic choruses. From the *Resurrexit* to the end these singers seemed exempt from the ordinary processes of fatigue.

In February, Dvořák's *The Spectre's Bride* was part of the programme given by the South London Philharmonic Society, conducted by Mr. William H. Kerridge; and *Hilwatha's Wedding-Feast* was the work of the Loughton Choral Society and Orchestra, under Mr. Henry Riding.

The South-West Choral Society showed how far it has progressed by singing *The Dream of Gerontius* on March 1, under Mr. Arthur Saunders, and singing it well.

Mr. J. C. Clarke is conductor of the recently-formed Wandsworth Male-Voice Choir, which gave a successful concert at Battersea Town Hall on March 8, singing Elgar's *Feasting I watch*, Schumann's *Battle Song*, MacDowell's *As the gloaming*, and West's *Fill the bowl with rosy wine*.

On Good Friday the Crystal Palace and Dulwich Philharmonic Societies amalgamate for Rossini's *Stabat Mater* (with the London Symphony Orchestra), Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock conducting.

The Audrey Chapman Orchestra brought an excellent series of concerts to an end at the Northern Polytechnic on March 11. The lady string players have a professional technique and, joined by well-known wind players they gave a first-rate performance of the *New World Symphony* under Mr. Frank Bridge. The concerts are to be resumed in the autumn.

Mr. Gerald Cooper opened a new series of concerts of old music at Æolian Hall on March 15. Miss Dorothy Helmrich sang Dowland, Mr. Godfrey Ludlow played Bach and Corelli on the violin, and Mr. Cooper was at the harpsichord. An evening well spent. M.

## ST. MARTIN'S PAGEANT

*St. Martin's Pageant*, first produced in November last year, was performed by two hundred members and friends of St. Martin-in-the-Fields at Church House, Westminster, on March 6 and on following evenings for a fortnight. Unfolded in some twenty scenes (passing of the Roman empire, mediæval episodes, then post-Reformation and modern developments) the pageant, the work of Mr. Lawrence Housman, aimed at depicting the struggle of the Christian ideal of fellowship through the ages. It was not hard to pick holes in the author's share in the show. (For instance, his exaggerated insistence on 'women's wrongs.' Read the Paston Letters if you conceive mediæval woman to have been something between a serf and a beast of burden.) Still he evolved a coherent, moving spectacle which was performed in a spirit of devotion. These modern Church-folk are determined that the devil shall not have all the best stage shows! Some scenes were extremely beautiful. Memory of the Joan of Arc tableau lingers, and the acting of the crowds, especially in the processions up and down the hall, was spontaneous and remarkable in effect.

Most of the action was accompanied by vocal and instrumental music, arranged by Mr. Gustav Holst, who conducted. The choir and orchestra (of more than a hundred Morley College students) were in a gallery at the back of the hall. The splendid old Irish hymn-tune 'St. Patrick's Breastplate' struck the right note to begin with. The pageant wound up with the 'Old 124th' from the Genevan Psalter. Between there was solemn and joyful music by Vittoria, Tallis, and Bach. The Latin hymn 'Personent Hodie' (from a Swedish book of carols) gave the fine theme for a Crusaders' March, most stirring in rhythm. So present-day devotion does not scorn colour and stage action, and the devil is far from having all the best tunes either! One grumble must be allowed (since the pageant will assuredly be again revived): the final episode, a contemporary street scene, was an artistic blunder. P. W.

## W. G. ROTHERY, M.V.O.

As a Member of the Victorian Order, Mr. W. G. Rothery is awarded due recognition for valuable services performed in the background of our musical life. All the widespread work of the Professional Classes War Relief Council and the body into which it was afterwards merged—the Music in War-Time Committee—was administered by Mr. Rothery as the able lieutenant of Sir Hubert Parry and Dr. W. G. McNaught. Since 1910 he has been a popular secretary to the Royal Choral Society, and the success of the Society's recent Jubilee celebration was largely due to his activities.

## Opera in London

DAVID GARRICK

With commendable courage, Mr. Reginald Somerville has taken his opera *David Garrick* out of the hands of the Carl Rosa Company and mounted it for a run at the Queen's Theatre. For this purpose Mr. Somerville has made sundry changes in his work, its original form being that of grand opera. That it met with a very cordial reception when presented at the Queen's Theatre on March 2 was a satisfactory sign that the public is ready to listen to British music in the lighter forms in spite of the fact that on this occasion it did not quite turn out to be the 'comedy' opera it was described as being. But Mr. Somerville's genuinely melodious score carried the day, and his flow of real melody completely won the goodwill of his listeners. The opera is founded, by Mr. Somerville himself, on the Robertson comedy, which it follows fairly closely. Personally I think it follows it too closely. There was not all the fun the public looks for in the lighter musical entertainments. The mounting was extremely good, and it was quite refreshing to see a British production so well put on the stage. Mr. Paul Shelving, of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, was responsible for the designs of dresses and scenery, and he did his work well. Mr. Nigel Playfair was the producer. The representation introduced an uncommonly good tenor in Mr. Leonard Ceiley, who appeared as David Garrick. His work showed great promise and his singing was excellent. Miss Madeleine Collins as Ada Ingot, Mr. Herbert Cameron as Ingot, and Mr. Miles Malleon as Squire Chivvy were among those who served the composer best. It was very satisfactory to find such care bestowed upon a British work, for every detail had been carefully considered, not forgetting the orchestra, which is a particularly fine body, directed by the composer himself. F. E. B.

### THE PEER GYNT MUSIC AT THE OLD VIC.

By utilising the whole of Grieg's incidental music to Ibsen's moral drama, *Peer Gynt*, the attraction of the production at the Old Vic., which took place on March 6 and onwards, was increased considerably. I do not propose to speak of the dramatic merits of the play, for it was written for a definite purpose as a national warning. I do not remember that the music was given when the play was performed some sixteen years ago, but in this instance it was of immense service in keeping alive the interest of a wonderfully interested audience at the Old Vic. In its form of a suite or suites the music is well-known, but it assumed a different and no less pleasing complexion when heard with the literary context. The whole had been arranged and got together by Mr. Charles Corri, the conductor, whose task cannot have been an easy one. But everything went smoothly, and the music itself was beautifully played in just the right mood of intensity, and it received the great compliment of being listened to eagerly. F. E. B.

### COWEN'S INCIDENTAL MUSIC TO PINERO'S THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE

Once again Sir Frederic Cowen acts as musician-in-ordinary to Sir Arthur Pinero. He has provided the incidental music to Sir Arthur's new play *The Enchanted Cottage*, produced at the Duke of

York's Theatre at the end of February. The musician's opportunity comes when the piece takes on its fantastic garb and deals either with the ghosts of those who have inhabited the cottage or with the imaginings of the leading female character, Laura. Needless to say that Sir Frederic Cowen, with his vast experience and his large resources, supplies all that is wanted. And I note with satisfaction that he does not rely solely on weird harmonies for an emotional appeal, but frankly writes melody. The lovers of the various periods and the dream are all illustrated by melodic passages of great charm and effect, with becoming characterisation suitable to the dates represented. The music is to be issued as an orchestral suite, and I think there will be as much approval for it in the concert room as there is in the theatre, where it is so well played—first under the composer, and afterwards under Mr. Edward Clarke. F. E. B.

### THE LONDON HIPPODROME

Like most entertainments of the kind, the new show at the Hippodrome, *Round in 50*, will give musicians some uncomfortable moments. We wonder at the small—almost negligible—amount of good singing, both solo and choral. Perhaps, however, the singing is better than we think, for the orchestral playing is so uniformly on the loud side that the singers are generally submerged, coming to the surface only on an occasional high note. Some day an enterprising management will prove that good singing and original light music are hardly less of an asset than good low comedy work, and far more so (and much less expensive) than lavish mounting. The strength of *Round in 50* lies in its having a story (an adaptation of Verne's *Round the World in Eighty Days*), some gorgeous production, an effective use of the cinema, and some very droll work by George Robey, Renée Reel, and two of the Lupinos. Thanks to these constituents the show is far above the average, and should make the Hippodrome slump-proof for the rest of the year. H. G.

## Church and Organ Music

### SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY'S TOMB

BY H. T. GILBERTHORPE

It needs no great daring to affirm that Samuel Sebastian Wesley was one of the brightest stars that ever shone in the English musical firmament. His music is known and loved wherever English speaking people are gathered together 'in quires and places where they sing.'

Wesley died at Gloucester on April 19, 1876, at the age of sixty-five, and by his own wish was buried at Exeter by the side of his only daughter. These facts are recorded by Mr. John E. West in his valuable book 'Cathedral Organists, Past and Present,' and also in other works of reference. Nevertheless, many people, otherwise well informed upon matters connected with the career of Wesley, have, to say the least, a very hazy idea as to where he was buried.

During the recent Congress of the National Union of Organists' Associations, when the members met at Messrs. Novello's rooms in Wardour Street, Mr. John E. West related the great difficulty he had had in finding Wesley's grave. He told how he



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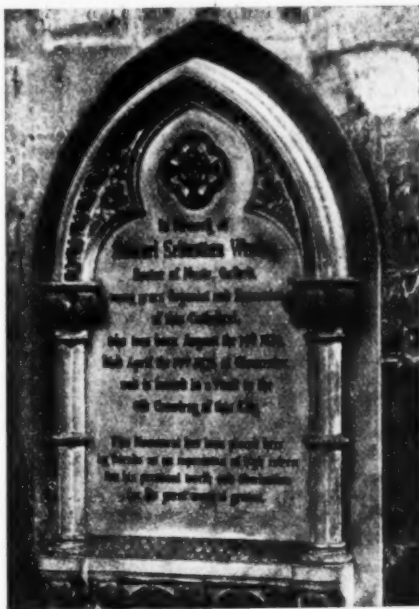
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spent over an hour, in the broiling heat of a summer afternoon, wandering around the Old Cemetery at Exeter before he could find the spot that he was seeking. Dr. Ferris Tozer drew attention to the fact that many people do not know that Wesley was brought to Exeter for burial, supporting this assertion by quoting the words of the Very Rev. Henry Gee, Dean of Gloucester, who, on page 32 of a book entitled 'Gloucester Cathedral, its Organs and Organists' (recently published by the Chiswick Press) says that S. S. Wesley was buried at Winchester.

Wesley's grave is in the upper part of the Old Cemetery at Exeter, under the shadow of a portion of the old city wall. Its flat granite slab has nothing about it to attract the casual visitor's attention, and shows many signs of neglect. The metal letters forming the inscription have become corroded, and the stone round about them is very worn and discoloured. Some years ago the grave presented such a dilapidated appearance that the late Dr. W. B. Gilbert (composer of the well-known tune 'Maidstone,' usually sung to 'Pleasant are Thy courts above'), who saw it



1840, aged 9 weeks. Also of the above named Samuel Sebastian Wesley, who died at Gloucester, April 19th, 1876. Aged 65 years. Doctor of Music, Oxford. Organist and Succentor of Exeter Cathedral, 1835-1841.

As will be seen by the accompanying photograph, the lettering is now very bad, and it is not easy to decipher the inscription from a distance of a few yards. The whole appearance of the grave is such as to convey the impression that it is utterly forgotten and uncared for. Surely there must be some amongst the lovers of the priceless heritage which Samuel Sebastian Wesley has bequeathed to English Church music for all time in such works as *The Wilderness*, *Blessed be the God and Father*, *Ascribe unto the Lord*, and many other equally beautiful anthems and services, who would be

willing to bear their part in defraying the cost of placing a suitable and permanent memorial over the last resting place of this great man. There is a memorial tablet to Wesley's memory in the north aisle of the nave of Exeter Cathedral, and to the right of it is a tablet (not shown above) which has



THE TOMB OF S. S. WESLEY IN THE  
OLD CEMETERY, EXETER

whilst on a visit to Exeter, raised a fund to defray the cost of re-cutting the inscription. Probably the metal letters were supplied at the same time.

The inscription on the stone is as follows :

In memory of Mary, daughter of Samuel Sebastian Wesley of this City, who died February 13th,

recently been put up in memory of the late Dr. D. J. Wood. A memorial in the Cathedral is, however, not the same thing as one which marks the actual burial place, and judging from the present appearance of the grave, if nothing is done there, and wind and weather are allowed to work their will upon the

present stone, in a few years' time the inscription will have been practically obliterated, and the place will become unrecognisable as that where lies, awaiting the Resurrection, one of the greatest of English Church musicians.

### THE ORGAN IN THE CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY

BY SIDNEY J. AMBLER

The fine Church situated at the south-east corner of the court-yard of the Guildhall, London, ranks as one of Wren's happiest inspirations, and is dedicated to the Saint and Martyr born at Huesca, in the kingdom of Arragon, Spain. St. Lawrence was a Deacon of Bishop Sixtus, and a Treasurer of the Church of Rome, A.D. 250, and was martyred by being laid on a gridiron and roasted alive under the persecutions of the Emperor Valerian.

The Church of St. Lawrence Jewry is the Parish Church of the united parishes of St. Lawrence Jewry, St. Mary Magdalene, Milk Street, and St. Michael Bassishaw. The last-named parish was united with the other two more than twenty years ago, and since then the patronage of the benefice has been in the hands of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's and the master and scholars of Balliol College alternately.

The only noteworthy object rescued from the old Church in the Great Fire of 1666 is the picture of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, which was hastily cut from its frame over the altar before the conflagration reached the Church, and was thus saved from destruction. It now occupies a position in the vestry. The dimensions of Wren's fabric are approximately 80-ft. in length and 65-ft. in breadth, with a height of roof of 40-ft., flat and panelled. The acoustic properties of the building are perfect, there being resonance without undue echo.

The earliest records of an organ appear to be in a Vestry Minute of 1683:

'The Committee having seen drafts and proposals of Mr. Harris and Mr. Smith for the Organ, and how it should be made, and being satisfied that they were both good workmen, it was put to the vote whether of them should make the organ, and it was speedily carried that Mr. Harris should make the same, which is ordered to be done by Mr. Harris accordingly. After Mr. Harris was ordered to be the maker of the organ as by the order above, it was agreed by Mr. Harris that he would make the same according to his proposals, and that he would not expect any money till the organ is finished and approved by the Parish. If the same was not approved he would take it away; and he would finish the organ within three months after the joiner and carver should finish their work.'

The carver here referred to was no less than the great artist, Grinling Gibbons, whose craftsmanship is here seen to this day in its perfection. Volumes could be written of the wealth of carved woodwork to be found in the Church and vestries, but it must suffice to say that it is doubtful if a finer example of an organ-case can be found anywhere, whether judged from the standpoint of craftsmanship or good taste in design.

A later Vestry Minute states that Harris was given £100 to go on with, and had to find security for repayment if the work was not approved of. Harris was afterwards paid £300. The carver and joiner received £285 for their work, but the Vestry considered this price was excessive.

A further extract reads:

'It is ordered that Mr. Browne shall proceed in playing the organ [1685] in the Parish Church, and be organist for one year from the time he begin [began] to play the same, he having for his satisfaction left himself to the goodwill of the Parish.'

He was later given a salary of £20.

There appears to be no authentic record of the names of the stops of the original Harris organ as it left that builder's hands in or about the year 1685. For the earliest

reliable specification of an organ at St. Lawrence, we have, however, a manuscript of a Mr. Henry Leffler, at one time organist of St. Katharine Cree and an official of the Bank of England, whose descendants are at present members of this institution, and personally known to the writer. Mr. Henry Leffler, writing in 1800, gives the list of stops as follows:

Three sets of keys from GG—C, short octaves. Swell from Fiddle G to D, by Byfield. *Great* (10 stops): Open Diapason, Stopped Diapason, Principal, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Tierce, Larigot, Sesquialtera (four ranks). Cornet to C sharp (five ranks). Trumpet. *Swell* (seven stops): Stopped Diapason, Principal, Cornet (three ranks), Trumpet, Hautboy, Vox Humana. *Choir* (three stops): Stopped Diapason, Principal, Flute.

The Choir (Chayre) organ, as customary, was placed behind the organ-stool, and this old Choir case with the Harris pipes—of some of them, at least—is to be seen now in the same relative position.

I have recently taken out some of these pipes and examined them. From the composition of the metal they are undoubtedly of Harris's make, and voiced on about 1½-in. wind.

About 1856 Russell rebuilt and enlarged the organ and some more case-work was added; and later still Henry Jones, of Brompton, made further extensions.

In the year 1875 Gray & Davison totally rebuilt the organ, retaining all the old case-work, extending the perimeter of the loft, and providing new screens and panels, mainly confined to the south side. This work is much inferior both in workmanship and material. The following is the list of stops of the Gray & Davison organ:

*Great* (ten stops): Double Diapason, Open Diapason, Open Diapason, Clarabella, Octave Flute, Octaviant, Quint, Super-Octave, Mixture (five ranks), Trumpets.

*Swell* (ten stops): Lieblich Bourdon, Open Diapason, Keraulophon, Rohr Flöte, Voix Celeste, Geigen Principal, Mixture (three ranks), Cornopean, Oboe, Clarion.

*Choir* (seven stops): Lieblich Bourdon, Salicional, Lieblich Gedacht, Viol d'Amour, Suabe Flute, Flageolet Harmonic, Corno di Bassetto.

*Pedal* (six stops): Open Diapason, Violone, Quint, Violoncello, Super-Octave, Trombone.

*Couplers* (five): Swell to Great; Swell to Pedal; Swell to Choir; Great to Pedal; Choir to Pedal.

Four composition pedals to Great; three composition pedals to Swell.

Compass, CC to A; Pedal, CCC to F.

In this organ the original Choir case was preserved, as already stated, in front; but the Choir organ wind-chest was placed inside the larger case, to cover up the pipes of which the dummy fan trumpet was added to the case-work.

Norman & Beard in 1900 converted the tracker key and pedal action to tubular pneumatic, but not the drawstop action, the general set-out remaining as before. A new feeder reservoir was placed over the door leading into the south aisle, with Watkins & Watson high-pressure engine. All the pipes were re-voiced, and harmonic trebles supplied to the chorus reeds. New keys, frames, jamlis, draw-knobs, and pedal board were added.

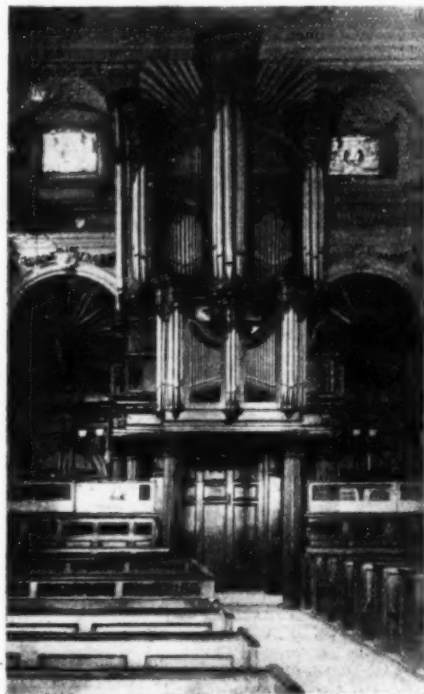
The specification as it stands is practically as it was in 1875, slight changes having been made in the names of the stops. The only practical alteration is the conversion of the pedal Quint into a Bourdon, and the addition of an octave-coupler to the Swell.

The Rector and churchwardens are contemplating the cleaning and renovation of this fine instrument, and at the same time remodelling the interior to the extent of starting with a new building frame. It is not proposed to alter in any way the fine case or to modify the old pipe-work, but some tonal additions are desirable to improve the balance, and what is of greater importance is the rearrangement of the console, with the inclusion of piston action for the stop combinations. At the time of the last rebuild the

arrangement of the drawstops of the manual and Pedal departments was left as in Gray & Davison's time, the Pedal draw-knobs being placed under the Swell division on the left-hand side of the console with the couplers. The old cramped building frame made it mechanically impossible to include in the Great composition pedals the Pedal organ registers, and thus every change in the Pedal organ tonality has to be registered independently by hand.

The musical traditions of this Church are of no mean order. It was here, between 1867 and 1870, that the memorable services in connection with the Pan-Anglican Synod were held, and, under the direction of the choir-master of the Church, the late Robert Turner, that the London Gregorian Choral Association was inaugurated.

The old tradition musically is being well maintained. The Rector, the Rev. Walter P. Besley, is a keen and cultured musician. Organ recitals by organists of the front rank are given weekly on Tuesdays at one o'clock.



ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY

Choral work, in the hands of Mr. Lewis Jones (the present organist), now occupies a prominent place in the activities of the Church. This Advent Brahms's *Requiem* and the *Christmas Oratorio* have been sung in a manner which was felt to be much more of an act of worship than a mere performance; and during Lent Bach's *St. John Passion* and Dvorák's *Stabat Mater* will be heard.

As has already been pointed out, it is very difficult for players of modern organ music to handle the tonal resources of the organ, and some of the technical feats that we hear are only appreciated by those who are aware of the mechanical deficiencies of the instrument.

If so many of our best organists are good enough to go to St. Lawrence and give recitals, it is felt that they should not be limited in their repertory by antiquated mechanism, and the Rector with his churchwardens and advisers (amongst whom there are practical organists) hope to see a scheme carried out shortly involving the taking down of the organ and modernising the interior. It is not the intention to alter the tonal characteristics of the pipe-work—

D

moreover, as stated previously, no one would be allowed to do this—but a limited amount of new tonal resource and an improved balance is thought desirable. Advantage will doubtless be taken at the same time to put in fan-blowing plant, to enable the large reservoir to be eliminated and thus give room for a better disposition for the pipes and wind-chests. The exhaust tubular pneumatic key-action should be retained, as it is equal to every demand that can be made upon it.

Whatever is contemplated for the future, all concerned may rest assured that in an old classical instance like this, nothing will be permitted to be done to the organ without the most careful inquiry by the Church authorities.

## DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER

This versatile man—musician, Bach scholar, organ-builder, theologian, and physician—has lately given recitals at Cambridge (Trinity College), Oxford (Christ Church Cathedral), Birmingham, and Westminster Abbey. His playing has drawn large audiences, and it goes without saying that his methods have roused much discussion among organists. Generally speaking he plays Bach much more slowly than do most English organists. His registration also is more elaborate, and to ensure its being carried out without interference with the music he has helpers at his side. In this he claims to follow the example of Bach himself, who (he says) played always with two of his sons managing the stops. His programmes have been drawn chiefly from the lesser works of Bach, his Westminster scheme being typical—the 'Little' E minor Prelude and Fugue, the Canzona in D minor, the *Adagio* from the Toccata in C, the C minor Fugue (subject *c-g-g-g-a* flat), and some short and quiet Chorale Preludes. In the E minor Fugue he doubled the E's in the pedal final entry, and made his cadence major. The C minor Fugue he played very slowly, a programme note giving his view that it expressed 'tragic sorrow'—a startling idea, seeing the vigorous nature of the subject and the animation of the counterpoint. The beautiful elegiac Fantasia that precedes it is far better suited by the description. The collections at these recitals have been in aid of the Doctor's work as a medical missionary in Africa. Thus his beloved Bach is a means of raising funds, as well as a constant solace in his lonely post in the primitive forest. The only luxury he allows himself, we hear, is a grand pianoforte with pedal attachment, presented to him by the Bach Society of Paris, whose organist he was for many years. He says his native servant doubled up with laughter when he first saw his master play with his hands as well as his feet. The Doctor carries back with him the admiration and good wishes of all his fellow Bachites in this country.

## ORGANISTS' BENEVOLENT LEAGUE

We have received the twelfth annual report of this body, and note with pleasure that, despite the present economic difficulties, which affect church organists in a special degree, the League is in a flourishing condition. It appears, however, that so far this results rather from the self-denying energy of a few than from the support of the many. Thus the balance sheet shows that the 1921 receipts from organ recitals and concerts amounted to £145. This represents far too small an amount of rank-and-file effort. As Sir Frederick Bridge, the president, says, there should be at least five hundred such recitals given annually. At the modest estimate of £2 per recital, this would bring in £1,000. What an easy way of helping along a good work! Practically every organist enjoys giving recitals. To give one for the benefit of the old and destitute of his profession costs so very little in the way of extra trouble, that we think Sir Frederick's suggested total is far too small. There are enough keen recitalists to make it a thousand—or even two—for no one need limit his effort to one recital per annum. Readers who wish for a copy of the report, or for any other information, should write to the Secretary, Mr. Thomas Shindler, at the Royal College of Organists, Kensington Gore, S.W. 7.

On March 13, Mr. H. C. Colles gave a lecture at King's College on 'Quality in Hymn-Tunes.' The main points of his address will appear in our next issue.

New organs have recently been erected by Messrs. Rushworth & Dreaper at St. Germain's, Edgbaston—a two-manual with nineteen speaking stops—and at Middleton Parish Church, Manchester—a three-manual of twenty-eight speaking stops. Both instruments are liberally supplied with accessories. The Middleton organ is enclosed in an oak case designed by Sir Charles Nicholson, whose admirable lecture on organ-cases will be remembered by many of our readers.

The fine parish church of St. Mary Redcliff was well-filled on a recent Saturday afternoon by members and friends of the Bristol branch of the Church Music Society, when Mr. Geoffrey Shaw conducted a Hymn Festival. Mr. Shaw gave an address on the ideals to be aimed at in the choice of hymns, both in regard to words and music, after which hymns were sung in various ways—full, choir, people, in unison, in harmony, with faux-bourbons, with and without organ, &c.

An election will be made on July 4 to a Musical Exhibition at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, of the annual value of £40. Candidates must not be over twenty-five years of age on June 30, 1922. The exhibition is tenable for one year, and is renewable annually for a period not exceeding three years. Further particulars may be had on application to the Principal.

In our March issue we announced that the *St. John Passion* would be sung at St. Michael's, Cornhill, on March 31 and April 7, at 8 o'clock. This was a slip. Here is the correct programme: Friday, April 7, at one o'clock, Part 1; Monday, April 10, at six o'clock, the whole work; Wednesday, April 12, at one o'clock, Part 2.

#### ORGAN RECITALS

- Mr. Eric Brough, St. Lawrence Jewry—Fugue in C minor, *Bach*; Choral, *Honegger*; Prelude and Fugue in G minor, *Dupré*. Jackson's Lane Wesleyan Church, Highgate—Prelude on 'Rhosymedre,' *Vaughan Williams*; Choral in E, *Frank*; Rhapsody No. 1, *Howells*.
- Mr. J. G. Bamforth, South Parade Wesleyan Church, Grimsby—Sonata No. 1, *Harwood*; Irish Phantasy, *Wolstenholme*.
- Mr. Harold M. Dawber, St. George's, Stockport—Sonata No. 1, *Mendelssohn*; Passacaglia in C minor, *Bach*.
- Mr. Reginald Silver, Beer Parish Church—Gothic Suite, *Boettmann*; Fantasia in four parts, *Gibbons*.
- Mr. Louis H. Torr, St. Laurence, Southampton—Grand Chœur in G minor, *Hollins*; Imperial March, *Elgar*.
- Mr. H. L. Balfour, Clapham Parish Church—Prelude and Fugue in D, *Bach*; Sonata No. 2, *Merkel*.
- Mr. Ambrose P. Porter, St. Matthias', Richmond—Sonatas Nos. 1 and 6, *Mendelssohn*; Choral No. 3 and Pastorale, *Frank*; Prelude and Fugue in F minor and Chorale Prelude, 'Come, Holy Ghost,' *Bach*.
- Mr. Arthur Meale, Central Hall, Westminster—Sonatas Nos. 7 and 8, *Guilmant*; Pastorale and Finale (Symphony No. 2), *Widor*.
- Mr. S. Maurice Popplestone, Wesley Chapel, Frome—Prelude and Fugue in C, *Bach*; Concert Fantasia on 'Hanover,' *Lemare*.
- Mr. J. Gray, Adam Smith Hall, Kirkcaldy—Benediction Nuptiale, *Saint-Saëns*; Sonata No. 1, *Mendelssohn*.
- Mr. Herbert Weatherly, Bromley Parish Church—Prelude and Fugue in A minor, *Bach*; Symphony No. 6, *Widor*. St. Stephen's Wallbrook—First movement, 'New World' Symphony; Prelude and Fugue in D, *Bach*.
- Church of the Holy Communion, New York: Mr. Lynnwood Farnam—Toccata and Fugue in D, *Bach*; Introduction, Passacaglia, and Fugue, *Healey Willan*; Prelude on 'Martyrs,' *Harvey Grace*. Mr. Channing Lefebvre, at the same Church—Prelude, 'In Dir ist Freude,' *Bach*; Choral No. 3, *Frank*; Scherzo, *Gigout*.
- Mr. W. J. Lancaster, Bolton Parish Church—Prelude on 'Old 104th,' *Parry*; Passacaglia with Choral, *Karg-Elert*; Toccata in D minor, *Stanford*.
- Mr. Alfred Hollins, Clapton Park Congregational Church—Concert Overture No. 3, *Hollins*; 'Lied des Chrysanthèmes,' *Bonnet*.

- Mr. C. H. Trevor, St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta—Fantasia, *Rheinberger*; Fugue in D minor and Prelude in B minor, *Bach*.
- Mr. Claude A. Forster, St. John's, Forfar—Sonata da Camera, *Peace*; Fantasia and Fugue in A minor, *Bach*.
- Mr. Herbert Hodge, St. Nicholas Cole Abbey—Pastoral Sonata, *Rheinberger*; Epilogue, *Healey Willan*; and a Bach programme. St. Stephen's Wallbrook—A Bach programme.
- Mr. Fred J. Tarris, Barking Parish Church—Visione, *Rheinberger*; Overture in E flat, *Faulkes*.
- Mr. W. Hunt, St. George's, Belfast—Sonata No. 1, *Guilmant*; Theme with Variations, *Stuart Archer*.
- Mr. J. Matthews, St. Stephen's, Guernsey—Concert Rondo, *Hollins*; Symphonic Poem, *Matthews*; Finale (Sonata No. 1), *Guilmant*.
- Mr. Francis W. Sutton, All Saints', Northampton—Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, *Bach*; Sonata No. 1, *Guilmant*.
- Mr. Cyril G. Church, Church of the Holy Cross, Crediton—'Occasional' Overture; 'Finlandia.'
- Miss Doris Fenner, St. Dunstan's-in-the-East—Prelude on 'Eventide,' *Parry*; Fugue in D minor, *Bach*.
- Mr. A. Martin Hawkins, St. Michael's, Stockwell—Trumpet Tune and Air, *Purcell*; Prelude on 'Old 104th,' *Parry*.
- Mr. Chastey Hector, Brighton Parish Church—Introduction and Finale from Sonata, *Reubke*; Postlude in C minor, *Stegall*.
- Mr. Marcel Dupré, Hove Town Hall—Final, B flat, *Frank*; Pastorale Symphony No. 1, *Vierne*; Prelude and Fugue in G minor, *Dupré*.
- Mr. John Pulein, St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow—Sonata in A flat, *Rheinberger*; Pastorale in F, *Bach*; 'The Blessed Damsel' and 'The Little Shepherd,' *Debussy*.
- Mr. G. Bernard Gilbert, Town Hall, Stratford—Sonata No. 1 and Prelude and Fugue in G, *Mendelssohn*; Variations on an Original Theme, *Hesse*.
- Mr. Albert Orton, St. Mark's, Southampton—Pastoral Sonata, *Rheinberger*; Introduction and Passacaglia, *Reger*. St. Lawrence Jewry—Air and Variations in G, *Rheinberger*; Prelude and Fugue in C, *Bach*.
- Mr. Betram Hollins, Beckenham Congregational Church—Sonata No. 6, *Mendelssohn*; Finale (Symphony No. 1), *Vierne*; Prelude, 'Rockingham,' *Parry*; Toccata and Fugue in D minor, *Bach*.

#### APPOINTMENTS

- Mr. J. D. M. Hodge, organist and choirmaster, St. Augustine's, New Barnet.
- Mr. J. T. Horne, organist and choirmaster, Cork Cathedral.
- Mr. R. H. Pill, organist and choirmaster, Burley Lawn United Methodist, Leeds.
- Mr. E. G. Yeo, organist and choirmaster, St. Luke's, Hornsey.
- Mr. R. C. Young, organist and choirmaster, Holy Trinity Cathedral, Shanghai, China.

## Letters to the Editor

### THE ENGLISH LITANY OF 1544-60.

SIR,—Dr. Grattan Flood has misunderstood the letter of Cranmer to Henry VIII. which he quotes. On his own showing the letter was written months after the publication of the Litany, and therefore could not have referred to the music of this prayer. But in addition to this consideration there is Cranmer's own explicit statement:

'I have translated into the English tongue, so well as I could in so short a time, certain processions to be used upon festival days . . . If your Grace command some devout and solemn note to be made thereunto (as is to the procession which your Majesty has already set forth in English) [i.e., the Litany] . . . As concerning the *Salve festa dies* the Latin note, as I think, is sober and distinct enough: wherefore I have travailed to make the verses in English, and have put the Latin note unto the same. Nevertheless they that be cunning



in singing can make a much more solemn note thereto: I made them only for a proof to see how English would do in song.'

It is quite clear, therefore, that Cranmer was referring not to the Litany, but to the *Salve festa dies* and other processions for festival days. Another proof that the Litany was not intended originally to be the only procession in the English Church may be found in a note contained in the Prayer Book of 1549:

'Upon Christmas Day, Easter Day, the Ascension Day, Whitsunday, and the Feaste of the Trinity, may be used any part of Holy Scripture hereafter to be certainly limited and appointed, in the stead of the Litany.'

No doubt something was intended after the style of the Antiphons and Responds formerly used for this purpose.

I should be interested to learn Dr. Flood's authority for the use of 'Processioner' as meaning the Litany. The word generally means the *Processionale*, or book of processions. Bede does not say that St. Augustine and his companions on entering Canterbury sang the Litany and the Antiphon *Deprecamur te*; he says: 'they sang this Litany *Deprecamur te*.' The Antiphon is of considerable length; the music is published by the Plainsong and Mediaeval Music Society if Dr. Flood cares to see it.

There is one more sentence of Dr. Flood's that may possibly be misunderstood. He says there is no 'doubt that in 1545-46 the newly translated English Litany was roughly adapted to the old plainchant melody.' But (1) the Litany was not a 'newly translated' version of any Litany which previously existed in England, but was a compilation from various sources; (2) the melody was not 'the old plainchant melody' of the Litany, but was an adaptation from two or three plainchant phrases.

Dr. Flood also says that *Kyrie Eleison* was popular in Gaul in the early years of the 5th century, but Mr. Edmund Bishop tells us that it was imported into Gaul in the early part of the 6th century.—Yours, &c.,

E. G. P. WYATT.

#### STILL IN THE VAN

SIR,—A few days ago I saw in Maida Vale a laundry van bearing on its sides the words, 'SONATA LAUNDRY, BEETHOVEN STREET.' After this, who dares to say that the Bonn master 'won't wash?'—Yours, &c.,

JOHN E. WEST.

#### MR. SCHOLES, HOW DARE YOU?

SIR,—I was greatly astonished to read Mr. Percy A. Scholes's deprecating remarks concerning Brahms's great C minor Symphony in a recent number of the *Observer*. This Symphony is assuredly one of the most glorious ever written, and nothing in the whole of musical literature is more wonderfully thrilling than the Introduction to the magnificent *Finale*. I had the privilege of hearing this Symphony under the immortal composer's own direction, when it was first produced at Leipzig in 1876.—Yours, &c.,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

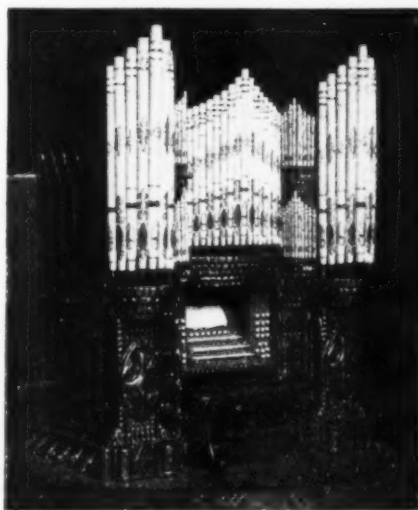
22a, Carlton Vale, Maida Vale, N.W.6.

March 12, 1922.

#### AN INTERESTING MODEL.

SIR,—Enclosed you will find two photographs of a miniature model organ which I have made, and I am sending it with the hope that it may provide some little interest for you or your readers. The organ itself is very small, being only  $8\frac{1}{2}$  in. from base to top of largest pipes; the width is  $6\frac{1}{2}$  in., and the depth 4 in. The organ-case is elaborately carved and panelled, painted dark oak and varnished. The length of the two largest pipes is just 5 in., while the four small groups of pipes range from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. The pipes themselves are all hand-painted and decorated; the ground colour is a light blue enamel, and the groups of small pipes are a darker shade to give relief. The mouth-piece of each pipe is done in English

gold and dark crimson enamel alternately, the leaf or floral design being in English gold lined with black. The tops of all the pipes have a band of white enamel, lined with very fine bands of gold and crimson, making the effect and grouping very charming. The pedal board, which is of full range, is radiating and concave. There are six composition pedals, representing three for Great and three for Swell, with Balance Swell Pedal in centre. The stops are grouped somewhat in the usual way—Great and Choir on the right, Swell and Pedal on the left. The stops over the Swell manual represent couplers. Perhaps I had better add that I myself am a voluntary organist, and that love for and interest in the organ no doubt provided



the patience, as I may state there are over 2,500 different pieces altogether. The model has occupied my spare time for about three years.—Yours, &c., R. MASSEY.

110, Crescent Road,

Great Lever, Bolton.

February 21st, 1922.

#### THE MUSIC OF THE PICTURE-THEATRE

SIR,—No music-lover could have read your notes on the problem of the cinema without the utmost sympathy for your point of view, or without desiring an issue which would be as good for music as for the prosperity of the cinema. With all deference to Mr. Gordon Craig and Mr. St. John Ervine, their criticisms can only assist when it has admitted what is obviously permanent in the cinema. The cinema, a precocious art, is passing through acute growing-pains; but the complaint from which it suffers is the same for which these critical gentlemen have found no specific in their own crafts. I postulate as a feasible idea that the very extremity of a problem of this sort as it affects art is in itself an opportunity if used wisely and with deliberation. In the case of the cinema, the cult of the novelette, with all its artistic evils, has been brought nearer to an end in a few years than the publishers of cheap shockers could possibly have feared. The cinema has revealed at close quarters the shoddy stuff of the popular novel and the popular melody. It falls low, but that at least is not entirely because of the cinema, whose capacity, moreover, to transform dull tales and to infuse delight has been proved a hundred times. The failure of the cinema, the theatre, the art gallery, and all the arts which call for practical as well as artistic efficiency, cannot in my opinion be turned to account unless artists recognise the increasing irresponsibility of commerce where art is concerned, and take steps to displace the profit-making element to which the disastrous conditions are due. And if this be not done,

then next year, and ten and twenty years hence, we shall still be reading academic criticism without having advanced a single step towards reform.

An important thing that would be welcomed is the appearance of a magazine entirely devoted to the cinema, and run on critical and progressive lines.—Yours, &c.,

Flansham, Bognor.

March 11, 1922.

STUART GUTHRIE.

SIR,—I venture to congratulate you on the incisiveness of your remarks in your last issue on the subject of cinema music, but my pleasure was tinged with regret at the small chance of their being read by the 'unmusical managers and trade officials' . . . usually inartistic and frequently even illiterate. Truly these are the cuttle-fish. This wonderful race of men, even if they were able, have no time to think for themselves, and engage others to perform this function for them—generally the cheapest they can procure. The 'musical director' is one of these. More often than not this misnamed official has some pretension to his adjectival qualification, and sets out to provide at least a coherent entertainment. But he has not reckoned with Sir Knowall, who, on seeing a film run through on Monday morning, whistles a tune and insists that it is *the* music for such and such a scene. The musical director has no option, and down it goes. The outcome of this unlovely partnership is to be heard at practically every picture-hall from 2.0 to 11.0 p.m. (continuous).

I was recently invited into the orchestra of a cinema to witness the band in action. I was given a sketch of the music to the 'feature film.' It was amazing, appearing more appalling on paper than in performance, which was heart-breaking enough. Rag rubbed shoulders with Tchaikovsky and Bones hobnobbed with Wagner:

'Garden Scene,' 1½ minutes	...	<i>Rose in the Bud.</i>
'The Breaking Point' ...	...	<i>Unfinished</i> (seven bars X, V).
'But he forgot,' 1 minute	...	Barcarolle.
'While in Paris,' 2½ minutes	...	<i>Air de Ballet</i> (?) (Omitting second section).
'Gerakl returns,' 1½ ..	...	<i>Flying Dutchman</i> (to letter 'M').

And so on.

\* Yet the band was a good one—well-balanced, and the instrumentalists efficient. They had to be, to cope with such a jig-saw.

It is not easy to see whence salvation will come. I fear it is a long cry to the third alternative suggested in your notes, that of a specially composed setting for each film, nor am I quite certain that this would prove ideal. Progress is sure to be slow, but a great step forward would be the extended and *complete* performance of recognised items, chosen to convey and may be to emphasise the general feeling (I hate 'atmosphere') of the picture or of any one part of it. This calls for a careful and earnest mental search through what must needs be a very wide range of music. The task is rendered none the easier by the prevailing custom which requires the musical director to provide his own music. (Incidentally a grant of even £2 to £3 a week would soon enable a discriminating musician to establish a library which would prove an asset in more than one sense to the company concerned.)

Parallel with this should be an improvement in the treatment of the breathing spaces which the orchestra must needs take. At present the pianoforte forges ahead, quite indifferent to the screen, playing from cover to cover any album of pieces which happens to come to hand. The Chopin Polonaise Album is a hot favourite. Alternatively, a deep pedal rumbling heralds the performance of an organ, not infrequently an instrument discarded by a discerning organ committee, and now redecored as a grand orchestral organ. Both of these are equally painful, bad, and inartistic.

Where the theatre is fortunate enough to possess an organ designed and built with an eye to the work it has to perform, the problem is partly solved, for the majority of films, apart

from rough and ready comedy, afford good opportunity for an organist's powers of invention and improvisation. I recall hearing one of our leading organists (called in by a frantic management to fill a gap) improvise to a film for over an hour, and by allotting a definite theme to each of the chief characters, gave as near a perfect interpretation as could be wished. Its value to the audience was enhanced by the fact that the themes were chosen for the most part from well-known songs. I am glad to record that even the management was visibly affected, as it offered two guineas in excess of the prearranged fee.

In the ordinary way, the organ does not shine—for many reasons, a digression into which is tempting but not opportune. Yet apart from this, why do we not get more instrumental variety? Why the eternal solo pianoforte? Why not a string quartet, solo strings with pianoforte, organ and pianoforte treated antiphonally, pianoforte and woodwind, &c.? As a humble Tommy I once marched two miles to Church service with nothing more than the big drum and trombone. Ludicrous may be, but a very welcome change and not uninteresting musically!

The keynote to success in an entertainment lasting ten hours is variety.—Yours, &c.,

March 11, 1922.

MORIC FAN.

#### 'A NOTE ON BEST SELLERS'

SIR,—I have just read the article in the March issue of the *Musical Times*, entitled, 'A Note on Best Sellers,' and I submit the following for 'A. K.'s' consideration.

I have not the faintest notion to whom 'A. K.' may be referring, but it seems to me that there is a lot of cheap (yet superior) rubbish being written lately on the subject of 'best-sellers' by self-appointed and (mostly) anonymous critics. There are other people (just as well qualified to judge, perhaps, as 'A. K.') who, if they knew to what 'A. K.' refers, might not be quite so cocksure of the 'poison gas' element in these much-maligned 'best-sellers.' Cannot 'A. K.' come out into the open, and give us names? We should like to be able to form our own judgment—perhaps.

I imagine no publisher who spends so much money and time 'nursing' a best-seller would object to its being advertised as such!

Anonymous criticism is very easy (if you can get an editor to publish it), but it also seems to me to be rather cowardly, and surely the entire *raison d'être* of criticism is nullified if readers do not know definitely to *what* the criticism refers, so, Sir, I ask for names.—Yours, &c.,

15, Frognal,  
Hampstead, N.W.3.

ALBERT W. KETELBEY.

March 22, 1922.

## Sharps and Flats

I have just been reading, playing, and singing some seventy-five songs for the fifth or sixth time. It must have been rather trying to my neighbours. . . .—*L. Duntton Green.*

No musician ever makes a noise.—*Herbert Fryer.*

I consider myself a melodist and a classic. That is all.—*Alfredo Casella.*

Perhaps the most inspiring moment of the whole ceremony of the Royal Wedding was the famous *Sevenfold Amen*. Unaccompanied by the organ, the choir's voice thrilled through the building until it melted away in a whisper.—*Lady Diana Manners.*

The most beautiful feature of the marriage ceremony was the singing of the choir—particularly when they sang Stainer's *Sevenfold Amen* was their singing perfection. 'It made you feel as though you were among the angels,' said someone who was there.—*Hannen Swaffer.*

The auditorium could have accommodated three times the number of patrons had the seating capacity made it possible.—*Rene Devries, Musical Courier.*

I cling to my right to regard most of Bach's Fugues—there are exceptions—as objective music, which I am free to endow with as much humour as I like . . . So, to me, the '48' will remain a jovial companion to the end.—*Edwin Evans.*

We had a long recital by Madame Vera Lavrova (Baroness Royce Garrett). . . . At the same concert a number of pianoforte solos were played by the Princess Galitzine-Poushchine. I came away a democrat.—*Ernest Newman.*

## Chamber Music for Amateurs

*Under this heading we insert, free of charge, announcements by amateur chamber musicians who wish to get into touch with other players.*

South Hampstead and St. John's Wood, N.W. There are vacancies for good amateur instrumentalists in the Amateur Orchestral Society. Meetings on Thursday evenings in the Lecture Hall of the New College Chapel, Adelaide Road entrance. Low fees. Music provided.—Apply, WATSON HARDING, 6A, Upper Park Road, N.W. 3.

Mezzo-soprano wishes to join party or meet accompanist for mutual study.—M. A. A., c/o *Musical Times*.

Viola player (gentleman) wishes to join string quartet, meeting preferably in S.E. London district.—A. J., c/o *Musical Times*.

Young gentleman, experienced, would like to join good male-voice quartet or small concert party requiring a 2nd bass; Kensington district preferred.—Write, H. S. H., c/o *Musical Times*.

Young pianist (gentleman) wishes to meet a young tenor or soprano for mutual morning practice. S.W. or W. districts preferred.—H. J. T., 1A, Adeney Road, Hammersmith, W.6.

Bass, who is in London alternate week-ends, would give services to Church choir. Also would like to hear of accompanist for mutual practice. West London.—B. A. S. S., c/o *Musical Times*.

Pianist (lady) wishes to practise oratorios and songs of Tchaikovsky, Schubert, &c., with first-class baritone.—Write, T. J., c/o Hadson, 238, Brixton Road, S.W.9.

Gentleman (23), with well-trained tenor voice, desires to meet a pianist for mutual practice, for two or three evenings a week. London, S.W. district.—H. G., c/o *Musical Times*.

Pianist (young lady) would like to meet good violinist and 'cellist. Small Heath, Birmingham.—PASTORAL, c/o *Musical Times*.

Quartet, North London, seeks experienced and enthusiastic amateur 'cellist (male).—KINGSBRIDGE, c/o *Musical Times*.

Violist would like to meet violinist or pianist for mutual practice, or would join trio, quartet, or orchestra.—J. S. HALL, 55, Gt. Marlborough Street, W. 1.

Accompanist (male), good pianist, wishes to meet vocalists or instrumentalists with view to mutual practice. North London preferred.—A. BIGGS, 10, St. Edmund's Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.8.

Young lady, pianist, would like to meet violinist or 'cellist (or both) for mutual practice on Monday, Thursday, Saturday, or Sunday evenings.—E. Sydenham, 31A, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.19.

Wanted.—Good 'cellist, living in Blackburn or Darwen districts, to join amateur enthusiasts (flute, three violins, and pianoforte, ages 14-17), also players of the viola, double-bass, bassoon, &c., for a small amateur orchestra.—WALTER MITCHELL, 82, Blackburn Road, Darwen, Lancs.

Keen Lovers of Music are invited to join small string orchestra; amateurs only. Rehearsals, Tuesdays, 7 to 9. Central London.—SECRETARY, 12, Sandmere Road, S.W. 4.

Mezzo-Contralto, some professional experience, would like to meet lady pianist accompanist for mutual practice. District, S.W.2.—A. N. H., c/o *Musical Times*.

Vacancies in St. Matthew's Amateur Orchestra for 'cello double-bass, and efficient brass and wind players. Rehearsals on Saturdays, 5.30.—Parochial Hall, Wandsworth Bridge Road. Conductor, E. H. Melling, F.R.C.O.

## Sixty Years Ago

From the *Musical Times* of April, 1862:

EXETER HALL.—The third of the Great Choral Meetings of the London Division of the Handel Festival Choir took place on March 21, under the direction of Mr. Costa. The sixteen hundred members of the choir occupied the greater portion of the body of the hall, as usual leaving but little space for the musical public who were desirous of testing the effect produced by so vast a number. The programme for the evening comprised the choruses from Handel's *Solomon*, which are to be included in the second, or selection day, at the forthcoming performance at the Crystal Palace. The principal defects observable upon this occasion were the extreme weakness of the soprano voices and the overpowering tone of the tenors. The directors would do well to add considerably to their female voices. It must be well known that half the young ladies, if they sing at all, have but very feeble voices, while there is a much greater number of real singers among the men. Although there was of course some unsteadiness and incorrectness, yet it was wonderful how well the music generally was sung. There is a breadth and grandeur about the choruses from *Solomon* that will be productive of superb effect in the immense area of the Crystal Palace.

SIGNOR GIUGLINI'S favourite Romanza, 'O breathe those thrilling notes again.' Sung by him with great applause. Composed expressly for him by Emanuel Nelson. Price 2s. 6d., post-free. Liverpool, Magasin de Musique, 63, Bold Street.

## MODERN DEVELOPMENTS IN MUSIC

A large audience assembled at the meeting of the British Association, on January 10, to hear Mr. Eugène Goossens discourse on the above subject. After alluding to the conservatism of musicians as a body, and deprecating the attitude of extremists—whether propagandists or reactionaries—Mr. Goossens said that in order to examine the situation dispassionately and without prejudice, we must rid our minds of trivialities and accept as inevitable every evidence of the enduring work of the past on the one hand, and significant progression of to-day on the other. The so-called modern movement might be said to date, roughly, from the beginning of the present century, chiefly in the work of men such as Stravinsky, Schönberg, Ravel, and certain of our own younger composers.

The technique of modern composition was a very different matter compared with that of former generations. The technical means at our disposal were so much more extensive, and the intricacies of harmonic speech were so much more elaborate and involved, that the present-day composer was very hard put to it to express himself in terms which might be considered at all different from his immediate predecessors. Harmony was used in a different manner from that of our forefathers, for now it not only served us as a backing, but most often constituted the whole *raison d'être* of the work. Rules for correct harmonic deportment were non-existent in the modern composer's code of musical manners, and still the possibilities remained infinite and capable of yet further exploitation. It was not to be assumed, however, that the modern employment of harmony had ousted melody. Certain composers had discovered that certain harmonic progressions, and certain methods of employing chromatic harmony, did themselves create melody. It was harmonic speech, as exemplified in the work of Stravinsky, Schönberg, and others, which alone would serve as illustration of development. The objective use of harmony, or a combination of particular sounds, was nowhere better exemplified than in the work of Stravinsky, which abounded in examples of daring, skilful, and some-

times brutal passages, to which no text-book could provide the key, and which was alone justified by the result achieved.

Emotion in music to-day might be differently expressed, but it was none the less as much behind every great modern work of art as it was behind the masterpieces of Bach and Beethoven. The methods of expressing it were very much more extensive, and it was the objectiveness and forcible directness of modern art which so misled the sentimental in this connection. Why should melody alone (in its diatonic sense) represent the only vehicle for real depth of expression? Who would deny the expressiveness of great modern works wherein the utmost possible emotional effect was achieved by an absolute inevitability of harmony and rhythm? In these days of shifting chromaticism it was the result of the combined rhythmic, harmonic, and melodic effect, and not necessarily harmony, or rhythm, or melody *per se* which was designed to convey the emotional meaning.

It was interesting to note the fondness of the modern writer for the somewhat cold precision and uncompromising qualities of wind instruments. This was almost a mild revulsion against the excessive abuses which had crept into the string-playing of some of our orchestras, wherein the strings as a body have full license to wallow in excessive *rubato*, *vibrato*, *portamento*, and other evils which did so much to detract from the musical value of so many impressive passages. Composers nowadays could therefore trust a simple unadorned theme to a wind instrument with far fewer misgivings than would be the case had the passage been relegated to the tender mercies of an over-sentimental violinist. In point of fact, the strings of the orchestra were far more constantly employed in a rhythmic, figurative, or percussive capacity than was the case formerly.

A feature of modern development, particularly in the matter of form, was the manner in which each successive work of our generation evinced more and more a tendency to eliminate ornamentation and excessive length of subject-matter. Ornament in music had recently reached a climax of fussiness and stupidity, and was often a mere pretext for covering over the bare bones of the work with a minimum of labour and a maximum of cheap effect. The poverty of thematic material which could be camouflaged in this manner was astonishing, but the resultant effect was hardly convincing. Nowadays the composer was taking a leaf out of the book of such giants as Bach and Beethoven, inasmuch as their constructive processes and the intrinsic strength and value of their musical foundation were eminently satisfying.

As regarded rhythm, the present tendency seemed to be reverting to the manifestations of the sub-conscious mind and abandoning ourselves to everything and anything but the 'set' rhythm. Elemental rhythms were in themselves a rather useful antidote to counteract the somewhat heavy glut of programme-music which many composers of to-day thought indispensable to public appreciation.

If music was to develop on normal progressive lines, the public must keep in touch with every manifestation of the actual developments which were taking place to-day. Both press and public were unwilling to throw their sense of the proprieties overboard and frankly accept once and for all the evidence of a new speech. It was necessary to keep in touch very closely with all the evidences of a progress which had gone before, for it was impossible to appreciate a significant modern art-work without studying to some extent the influences and examples which had led up to the creation of that work. We talked airily of classics, romantics, and moderns in a sense of watertight compartments with no sense at all of their very intimate co-relationship. It was obvious that unless all who profess any show of interest in music can keep abreast of the times, development in itself will be a slow process.

The fact was that art in general and music in particular did not play the part in our national life that it ought to do. We did not realise that every new evidence in the functioning of art was as important to our national welfare as any scheme of social or economic politics. Following upon the general stagnation of the past six years, a very energetic awakening among artists had occurred. In no art was this shown so completely as in music, and in no country more than

our own. There was tremendous activity; London was the musical centre of Europe, where could be heard the finest music of to-day incomparably performed and interpreted. Providing the public would renounce its musical snobism and approach the business of hearing music with an open mind and a high degree of concentration; if all artists would work together in co-operation and shun mediocrity; and if we could forget occasionally the word 'British' and think of Art as a thing cosmopolitan and international, the next few years should show a condition of music and musical art in which all that was best and finest would immediately receive due recognition, and the mediocre and the immature be confined to outer darkness.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Two performances of the *Yeomen of the Guard* were given by the students, under the direction of Mr. Cairns James and Mr. Henry Beauchamp, on February 17 and 18, the cast being changed for each evening. Apart from a few weak points the productions reached a high level, both in singing and acting, and reflected much credit upon the pupils and their teachers.

The chamber concert on Wednesday, March 1, opened with an excellent performance of Bach's Concerto in C major for two pianofortes (Messrs. Alan Bush and Roy Ellett), accompanied by the Junior Orchestra under Mr. Spencer Dyke. Amongst other interesting items in the programme may be mentioned the first movements of a Pianoforte Sonata by Balakirev (Miss Olive Pull), of a Pianoforte and Violin Sonata by Arnold Bax (Misses Eileen Wright and Madeleine Windsor), and of Frank Bridge's Pianoforte Quintet. The programme also included songs by A. Bax and Michael Head, a Caprice for the harp by Pierné (Miss Florence Edgcombe), and three movements from Schumann's Pianoforte Quintet.

On Wednesday, March 8, the choral class gave an admirable reading of Benjamin Dale's *Before the paling of the stars* and Dvorák's *The Spectre's Bride*, the former under the direction of the composer and the latter under Mr. Henry Beauchamp.

On Thursday afternoon, March 2, the Bishop of London, who had only recently recovered from a very serious illness, gave an interesting address to the students in the Duke's Hall. He explained to them that his chief reason for doing so was his desire that they should regard him as their Bishop, as he was regarded by other classes and professions which centred largely in London.

The death of Mr. Oscar Beringer has removed one of the oldest and distinguished professors. For many years he held a foremost position amongst pianoforte teachers in London, and as a member of the Committee of Management he had rendered long and valuable service to the Royal Academy of Music.

The Sterndale Bennett Prize (pianoforte) has been awarded to Betty Humby (a native of London), Denise Lassimonne being very highly commended, and Joan Lloyd and Elsie Betts commended. The adjudicators were Miss Jessie Davies and Madame Elsie Horne. The Charles Mortimer Prize (composition) has been awarded to Kathleen V. Summers (a native of Buckhurst Hill), Leslie Cochran being commended. The adjudicator was Mr. Alec Rowley. The Goldberg Prize (singing) was awarded to Roy G. Henderson (of Edinburgh), H. Foden-Pattinson being highly commended. The adjudicators were Messrs. Frederick B. Ranalow, Arthur Walenn, and J. Mewburn Leven (chairman). The Joseph Maas Prize (tenors) has been awarded to Manuel Jones (of Ferndale, Wales), Denys Erlam being commended. The adjudicators were Messrs. Alfred Gibson and W. Henry Thomas.

#### ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC

The orchestral rehearsals held under the auspices of the Patron's Fund are enlarging their scope, and a scheme is now in operation which provides for a series of rehearsals as follows:

- (a) For British composers, irrespective of age or sex, affording them an opportunity for hearing their works played by a first-rate professional orchestra,



and to the public, the critics, and students of music the opportunity for acquainting themselves at first hand with what is being done in this country in the way of British composition.

- (b) For British executive artists (singers and instrumentalists), giving them an opportunity for performing under the conditions, approximately, of a public appearance. For the present they will be drawn chiefly from the principal musical institutions of the country.
- (c) For British conductors who have had few opportunities for working with a full orchestra.
- (d) Of extracts from new operas by British composers. These will be rehearsed in the Parry Opera Theatre of the College, and will give an opportunity for assessing their value from the stage point of view.

A rehearsal of type (a) took place on February 16, type (b) on February 9, and types (b) and (c) combined on March 9. At all of these the New Queen's Hall Orchestra played, conducted by Dr. Adrian C. Boult.

There have been two private dress rehearsals of *Madame Butterfly* in the Parry Opera Theatre, on March 6 and 13, produced by Mr. L. Cairns James and conducted by Mr. S. P. Waddington.

There have been five chamber concerts, one choral and orchestral concert (notable for the second performance of Vaughan Williams's *Pastoral* Symphony conducted by Dr. Boult, and for Holst's *Hymn of Jesus*, conducted by Sir Hugh Allen), and several 'informals,' at one of which four members of Dr. Boult's conducting class each directed a movement of Mozart's G minor Symphony.

M. J.

#### TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC

By the death of Sir John D. McClure, the distinguished headmaster of Mill Hill School, the College has lost a highly valued friend and active supporter. Sir John's first connection with the College arose when he was preparing under Dr. C. W. Pearce for the D.Mus. London degree. This was quickly followed by his appointment as a member of the Corporation and of the Board, of which former body he afterwards accepted the office of chairman. Only a week before his death he represented the College at a distribution of certificates at New Cross, a function that proved to be so unexpectedly the occasion for his last service to the College.

Possibly little more evidence is needed to demonstrate the very live condition prevalent amongst the students than that afforded by the necessity that has arisen for forming a Social Club. As usual the Club will be open to past and present students, together with the professional staff, and will receive the whole-hearted support of the College authorities. With a present terminal roll of more than six hundred students, the success of the movement is fully assured. The secretary of the Club will be pleased to hear from any past students thus wishing to renew or more firmly establish their association with the College at headquarters.

That the end of the term approaches has been manifested by the special students' concert given recently at the College, the chamber music and choir concert given at Steinway Hall, and the orchestral concert at Queen's Hall, all of which fixtures are the usual features of the rounding off of the term's work.

Quite a large number of distributions of certificates were held during the month, the list of the centres including the names of such separated towns as Reading, Bath, Dover, Wrexham, Kettering, and, in London, West Ham and Walthamstow. At this last centre H.R.H. Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) was graciously pleased to attend and make the awards.

Mr. Cyril Scott played his Pianoforte Concerto at Vienna on February 20, the conductor being Nils Grevillius, of Stockholm. J. D. Davis's new Violoncello Concerto was announced for March 25 at Berlin. M. Jacques van Lier being the soloist and Mr. Appleby Matthews the conductor. M. van Lier also promises Elgar's Concerto at Berlin, and has invited Mr. Dan Godfrey to conduct it.

## Music in the Provinces

**BARNESLEY.**—The St. Cecilia Society gave *King Olaf* on March 9 in collaboration with a good orchestra. Dr. J. F. Staton conducted, and the soloists were Miss Edith Wright, Mr. Harold Jolley, and Mr. Frank Holroyd.

**BARNSTABLE.**—On February 18, the recently-formed Ladies' Choir, conducted by Mr. Alfred Long, sang Horne's *A Choral Hallelujah*, *My true love* (Challinor), *I saw lovely Phyllis* (Miller), and *The song of the bees* (Sargent).—The Orchestral Society, which consists entirely of amateurs and is conducted by Mr. J. W. Brannan, on February 27 played Coleridge-Taylor's *Petite Suite de Concert*, Elgar's *Pomp and Circumstance*, a Suite from *Monsieur Beaucaire* (Rosse-Bucalossi), *The Caliph of Bagdad* (Boieldieu), and a selection from *The Gondoliers*. The educational value of the work of this Society is wisely assisted by annotated programmes.

**BEN RHYDDING (YORKS).**—Frank's Pianoforte Quintet, Elgar's Quintet, and Haydn's Quartet in D, No. 5, comprised the main part of the chamber-music programme arranged by Mr. Raymond Hartley on March 7. The Ghent String Quartet were the players, and Miss Etty Ferguson sang.

**BETHESDA (NORTH WALES).**—Mr. R. D. Griffith has formed a choir for oratorio work, and on March 15 *Judas Maccabaeus* was performed with orchestra. Mr. Griffith, an amateur musician, is doing splendid musical work in this big quarrying village.

**BINGLEY.**—Bingley and District Orchestral Society wisely restricted its programme on March 7 to music suited to its resources, and thus gave a creditable performance of the *Jupiter* Symphony, played, according to the custom of the Society, with the movements separated by solo items. Violin solos were played by Miss Jessie Hinchliffe, and the vocalist was Miss Alice Moxon.

**BIRMINGHAM.**—The closing Mossel concert of the present season, on February 25, was orchestral, a well-found little orchestra being conducted by Mr. Julius Harrison. Mozart's *Hafner* Symphony was played, but the most interesting number was Wolf's orchestral arrangement of his *Italian Serenade* Quartet, in which was heard charming viola, flute, and violoncello playing. Rhythmically, it is one of the most fascinating things in music. Hamilton Harty's arrangement of Handel's *Water Music*, two little pieces by Chabrier, and the conductor's jolly *Widdicombe Fair*, were played, and also Mozart's violin Concerto, with Miss Daisy Kennedy as soloist; she also giving some Bach pieces for violin unaccompanied.—Dr. Albert Schweitzer gave at Birmingham (Carr's Lane), on February 27, 'An hour of religious music,' playing the Bach Organ Prelude and Fugue in G major and Epiphany Chorale Preludes, displaying Bach as a mystic.—The series of 'celebrity' concerts closed on March 3 with an orchestral programme by the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Lancelot Ronald, comprising the *Hansel and Gretel* Overture, music from *The Mastersingers*, and Elgar's *Enigma* Variations. Miss Irene Scharrer was the soloist in *Lisa's Hungarian Fantasia*, and Miss Florence Austral was the vocalist.—Solihull Musical Society on March 13 was conducted by Mr. Tracy James in Hamerik's *Symphonic Spirituelle* and music by Bach and Mozart. The choir sang Grieg's *Landerkennung* and Percy Godfrey's *The Song of the Amal*.—St. Paul was sung in the Town Hall on the same date in conscientious manner, conducted by Mr. Adams, with Mr. C. W. Perkins at the organ. The soloists were Miss Lilian Green, Mr. Arthur Gilbert, and Mr. Frank Macnamara.—The City Orchestra, at Bearwood, on March 12, produced a Serenade for strings by Alfred M. Hale. Mr. Appleby Matthews conducted this, and familiar light music, including Lully's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Mr. Paul Beard played violin music, and Mr. Harold Casey and Miss Eva Benson were the vocalists.—This Orchestra's last Wednesday concert for the season on March 8 was conducted by Sir Lancelot Ronald, and included Brahms's Symphony in D (No. 2) and Delius's *Brigg Fair*.—A choir of workers, conducted by Mr. T. A. Charge, sang

at a concert of the Arcadian Musical Society on March 15, their programme including Boughton's *Early Morn* and Charles Wood's *Full fathom five*.

**BLACKPOOL.**—The fourth of the Chamber Concert Society's series was provided by the Manchester Ladies' Trio, who played Dvorák in F minor and Beethoven in B flat. —The *Creation* was performed by the Arlelaide Street Wesleyan Choir on March 5, conducted by Mr. Herbert Whittaker. —The Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald, visited the town on March 5.

**BOURNEMOUTH.**—Mr. Eugène Goossens's first visit to Bournemouth was on the occasion of the annual benefit concert of the Municipal Orchestra on February 15. The conductor's arrangement of Bach movements (originally written for *Phubus and Pan*) and his *Tam o' Shanter* received their first performance at Bournemouth. The *Don Giovanni* Overture, Percy Grainger's *Irish Tune* and *Shepherd's Hey* were also given. Miss Marie Hall played the Bach Chaconne and two movements from Gordon Bryan's Suite (which she recently produced in London), with the composer at the pianoforte. —On February 10 Mr. Dan Godfrey conducted Rimsky-Korsakov's *Capriccio Espagnol*, Ernest Farrar's *English Pastoral Impressions*, and the *New World* Symphony. —On February 23 Vaughan Williams's *London* Symphony was given its fifth performance at these concerts, and Somervell's *Highland* Pianoforte Concerto was played.

**BRADFORD.**—Pianoforte trios played by Messrs. Dunsford (violin), Bentley (cello), and Midgley (pianoforte) were the feature of the Free Chamber concert on February 20. Beethoven's Op. 70 and Dvorák's Trio in G minor were played, and the other instrumental number was Stanford's 'Cello and Pianoforte Sonata in A. Miss Alice Moxon sang duets by Liszt, Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Cyril Scott, Quilter, and Frank Bridge. —On February 18 the Permanent Orchestra was joined by Mr. Frank Mercer, a local pianist, in Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, under the baton of Mr. Eugène Goossens, who also conducted his own *By the Tarn* and Liszt's *Les Préludes*. The concert was to have been conducted by the late Mr. Julian Clifford, and in his memory his poetic piece *Lights out* was given, under the baton of his son. Miss Doris Vane was the vocalist. —At the concert given by the Permanent Orchestra on March 11, Miss Bessie Rawlins played the Kreutzer Sonata, the Orchestra gave Mr. Hamilton Harty's arrangement of the Handel *Water Music* and Butterworth's *Banks of Green Willow*, and Mr. Percy Allatt sang two new songs by Mr. Julius Harrison, the conductor. —The Old Choral Society, closing its centenary season on March 15, gave Debussy's *Blessed Damezel*, Parry's *Pied Piper*, some of Stanford's *Songs of the Sea*, with Mr. Edward Hughes as soloist, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The able conductor was Mr. Wilfred Knight. —The subscription chamber concert on March 10 was of exceptional character, for the programme was provided by the Hallé Wind Quintet, with Mr. Hamilton Harty at the pianoforte. Beethoven's Quintet in E flat (Op. 16), Bach's Flute Sonata in B minor, Brahms's Clarinet Sonata in F minor, and a Sextet by Ludwig Thuille were played.

**BRAMPTON (CUMBERLAND).**—On February 23 the Choral Society, numbering a hundred and fifty, was conducted by Mr. Drakeford in Handel's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, a Madrigal by Walmisley, and choruses from *Faust*.

**BRISTOL.**—On February 21 Miss Dorothy Godwin gave a harp recital, assisted by Mr. Edgar Hawke (violin), Mr. Frank Taylor (pianoforte), and Miss Gertrude Winchester (vocalist). —The Royal Orpheus Glee Society on February 23 held its seventy-eighth annual ladies' night, and, conducted by Mr. George Riseley, sang part-songs by Cooke, Lovatt, Walmisley, Moore, Hegar, and Lee Williams. —The Great Western Choral Society on February 28 was conducted by Mr. G. A. Beavis in Stanford's *Phaenix Croon*.

**CARDIFF.**—The Musical Society, conducted by Mr. T. G. Aylward, sang part-songs of different epochs from Palestrina to Debussy and John Ireland, at its second concert of the season. —Mr. Herbert Ware's String Orchestra, on February 26, was heard chiefly in Mozart. The players were assisted by Mr. Zacharewitsch (violin), Miss Doris

Woodall and Mr. William Boland (vocalists). —On February 26 the Catholic Choral Society, in conjunction with Mr. Garforth Mortimer's Orchestra, performed Mozart's twelfth Mass, conducted by Mr. T. J. O'Leary.

**COLLINGHAM.**—M. de Greef, during a recital on February 23, played Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor, two Scarlatti pieces, a Country-Dance (arranged by himself from one of Grétry's operas), Saint-Saëns's Variations and Fugue on themes from *Abel*, and a showy *Tarantelle* of Moszkowski. Mr. Roy Russell sang modern songs and Schumann's *Dichterliebe*, with Mr. Lloyd Hartley at the pianoforte. —Miss Keighley Snowden (pianoforte) and her brother, Mr. John Snowden (violin) played Brahms's Sonata in E minor on February 18; also a *Folk-tale* of Arnold Bax and some pieces by Purcell Warren. The violinist played an unaccompanied Suite of Bach, and Miss Elsie Suddaby sang Delius's *To Daffodils* and Armstrong Gibbs's *The fields are full*.

**COVENTRY.**—Mr. John Chapman conducted the Musical Club on February 23, when a fine performance was given of Bantock's *War Song of the Saracens*, with Miss Annie Danks and Miss Emily Rudge as solo vocalists and Mr. Walter Heard as flautist.

**CUDWORTH (YORKS).**—The Choral Society is a remarkable body for so small a village, and quite creditably sang Cowen's *The Rose Maiden* on March 13, and unaccompanied part-songs.

**DUMFRIES.**—Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens* opened the concert of the Mechanics' Institute Choir on March 15, and Stanford's *Phaenix Croon* occurred later in the course of an excellent programme, which Mr. C. F. Eastwood conducted.

**EDINBURGH.**—The Reid Orchestra collaborated on March 11 with the Royal Choral Union in a fine performance of the *Choral* Symphony, conducted by Prof. Tovey, Miss Flora Mann, Miss Lilian Berger, Mr. Steuart Wilson, and Mr. Clive Carey being the solo vocalists. Gustav Holst's *Hymn of Jesus* was given under the direction of Mr. Greenhouse Allt. —The last of the Mossel concerts on March 4 was orchestral, Mr. Julius Harrison conducting. The orchestra, consisted only of some thirty performers, played well in Wolf's *Italian Serenade*, two movements from Chabrier's *Suite Pastorale*, and Mr. Harrison's *Humoresque* and *Widdicombe Fair*. —For the Reid Orchestral Concert on March 4, Prof. Tovey secured the co-operation of the Royal Choral Union, and gave Gustav Holst's *Hymn of Jesus*. The choir also sang Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens*, conducted by Mr. Greenhouse Allt. Of special interest was the performance of Beethoven's Triple Concerto for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, with Miss Mary Grierson, Mr. Camillo Ritter, and Miss Ruth Waddell as soloists. —The three weeks' season of the British National Opera Company opened on March 6 with *Aida*, and on the following day *Parsifal* was given. A novelty for Scotland was Offenbach's *Goldsmith of Toledo*, and *The Mastersingers* was included in the repertory.

**GLASGOW.**—In the course of its season, the Carl Rosa Opera Company, on February 20, gave *Die Meistersinger* with great success. Included in the company is a young local artist, Miss Maude Neilson, who has been equally successful in such different rôles as the Doll in *Tales of Hoffmann* and Micaela in *Carmen*. —With half-a-century of useful work to its credit, Glasgow Amateur Orchestra, on February 18, scored a success with a fine interpretation of Beethoven's seventh Symphony and a Hungarian Dance of Berlioz, Mr. Herbert A. Carruthers conducting. —On February 23, the Bach Society, conducted by Mr. A. M. Henderson, gave performances of the Concerto for two violins and pianoforte in D, and Arthur Somervell's *Conversations about Bach*. The choir sang the Chorales, *O sacred Head now wounded* and *What tongue can tell Thy greatness?* with violin obbligato. —The Ingham Musical Association, members of which are drawn from the employees of Messrs. J. & W. Campbell, was conducted by Mr. John Brown (in the absence of Mr. Robert Brown) in part-songs and choruses on March 1. —On March 9 Mr. William Robertson, conductor of the William Morris

Choir, secured a good performance of an interesting programme of Madrigals and part-songs. Miss Jelly d'Aranyi played violin solos.—The University Choral Society on March 10 gave an interesting concert under the direction of Mr. A. M. Henderson. The choir was equally successful in a Palestrina Motet and in Gustav Holst's setting of Psalm 86 for tenor solo and mixed choir. The female voices sang Ireland's *Aubade*, and the male voices two songs by Walford Davies for baritone solo and male voices—*Fear no more the heat of the sun and For a' that*. Miss Helen Henschel sang to her own accompaniment, and Mr. Henderson played modern Russian pianoforte music.

GUERNSEY.—The annual Festival of the Guille Allès Choral and Orchestral Association, on February 23 and 24, surpassed all previous records of success. The programmes included *Elijah*, *The Revenge*, and Hubert Bath's *Wedding of Shon Maclean*. Mr. John David conducted, and the soloists were Miss Cecilia Farrar, Miss Ethel Peake, Mr. Albert Downing, and Mr. Herbert Parker.

HALIFAX.—The Choral Society has suffered a blow in the resignation of Mr. C. H. Moody, who has rendered great service to the Society since he succeeded Mr. H. A. Fricker in 1917. The farewell concert, on March 3, produced enthusiastic recognition of his labours. The Leeds Symphony Orchestra played the *Merry Wives of Windsor* Overture of Nicolai and Tchaikovsky's *Casse Noisette* Suite, and accompanied various choral numbers. Stanford's *Songs of the Fleet* (with Mr. Norman Allin as soloist) and Frederick Cliffe's *Ode to the North-East Wind* were sung, and numbers for ladies' voices included *The Witches' Carnival*, by Percy E. Fletcher. Basil Harwood's Organ Concerto, with orchestra, composed for the Gloucester Festival of 1910, was played by Mr. Shackleton Pollard.

HUDDERSFIELD.—The Glee and Madrigal Society gave a good programme on February 21, conducted by Mr. C. H. Moody, whose expressive *Elegy*, *Give rest, O Christ* opened the programme. Other pieces sung were *As Vesta was* (Weelkes), *My bonny lass* (Morley), *Chivalry of the Sea* (Parry), *Country-Dance*, *Choral-Dance*, and the *King Arthur* folk-song (Rutland Boughton), and some pieces for women's voices by Bantock and MacDowell.—The Philharmonic Society, composed of amateurs and therefore an educational institution, did its best—and very well, too—on March 4 in the *Andante* and *Finale* of Schubert's Symphony in C and in Grieg's Pianoforte Concerto, Mr. F. J. Sykes conducting and Miss Frances Cocking being the soloist. A novelty was an *Elegy* for strings and percussion by Mr. Thomas H. Clay, who conducted. Fould's *Keltic Suite* was effectively played.

HULL.—The Harmonic Society, on February 24, gave a performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, conducted by Mr. Walter Porter, and also sang the Easter Hymn from *Cavalleria Rusticana*. The orchestra played the *Meister-singer* and *Rosamunde* Overtures.

ILFRACOMBE.—The Choral and Orchestral Society presented a programme on March 1. The latter organization—composed entirely of local players—has for some time benefited by the training of Mr. Watt-Smyth, and this occasion provided an opportunity for hearing the combined forces under his direction. The orchestral numbers included Coleridge-Taylor's *Othello* Suite and Tchaikovsky's *Trepak*.

KELSO (N.B.).—The Choral Union, consisting of a hundred voices under the conductorship of Mr. M. B. Kidd, sang Gade's *Erl King's Daughter* and Gounod's *Gallia* on February 22.—Mr. Kidd has also organized three chamber concerts, the Edinburgh String Quartet being the chief performers. Prof. Tovey joined them as pianist in the Elgar Quintet.

LEEDS.—The Philharmonic Society, on February 15, performed for the first time Elgar's *The Music-Makers*, conducted by Dr. E. C. Bairstow. The choir sang with close observance of every nuance, and the playing of the Leeds Symphony Orchestra was of a high standard. Miss Dilys Jones was the soloist. Delius's Concerto in C minor was given, with Mr. Frederick Dawson as pianist, and this player also introduced an Impression, *Water Pearls*, by a Yorkshire composer, Mr. William Baines. The choir was hardly up to its usual standard in Bach's *Sing ye*

to the Lord. According to custom, the concert closed with Parry's *Jerusalem*, effectively orchestrated by an anonymous hand.—At the University, on March 13, Mr. Hoggatt discussed Brahms and his songs, and Miss G. V. Selby sang several examples in German. Russian music was a feature of the programme given at Leeds University on March 13 in aid of distressed Russian students. Songs by Purcell, Strauss, Bemberg, and Dunhill (*Cloths of Heaven*) were sung by Madame Hopper.—On the same date the Arts Club gave a concert of works by contemporary British composers, including Elgar's Sonata for pianoforte and violin, German's *Bachanalian Dance* for violin and pianoforte, music by Balfour Gardiner and Cyril Scott, songs by Elgar (*Like to the damask rose*), Graham Peel, Frank Bridge, John Ireland, Rutland Boughton, and Roger Quilter.—The programme of the Symphony Society on March 4 was interesting without being hackneyed. Conducted by Mr. Harold Mason, the orchestra was happier in the *Prometheus* Overture and in the *Larghetto* and *Finale* of Beethoven's second Symphony than in Quilter's *Children's Overture*. The Pavane from German's *Romeo and Juliet* Suite and the *Gopak* of Moussorgsky provided contrast, and an *Albunblatt* by Wagner completed the list of orchestral pieces. Vocal items were given by Mr. F. Lewis and Miss K. Burnell.—M. Kolni-Balozky, who is on the staff of Leeds University and happens to be a capable musician, has formed a students' orchestra, which made an auspicious beginning on March 7. It is at present wanting in balance, the lower strings being weak. A few professionals were enlisted, and Mr. Nagley led and also played Bach solos. The orchestra played three dances by Purcell, a Serenade by Elgar, *The Deluge* (Saint-Saëns), and Grainger's *Molly on the Shore*.

LEICESTER.—Dr. Malcolm Sargent, organist of Melton Mowbray parish church, at the recent Hallé orchestral concert conducted *A night with Pan*, a new orchestral work of his own. Mr. Hamilton Harty conducted Ravel's Suite *Ma Mère l'Oye* and Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherazade*.—The Glee and Madrigal Society at its second concert of the season sang music by Palestrina.—It is proposed to form a permanent Symphony Orchestra at Leicester under the direction of Dr. Malcolm Sargent, and four concerts are planned for next season. The existing organizations for giving orchestral concerts are the Leicester Orchestral Union with its annual concert under Major L. V. Wykes, and the Philharmonic Society, whose last concert was conducted by Sir Henry Wood.

LINDFIELD (SUSSEX).—The Musical Society, at its first concert, on February 22, numbered fifty performers and gave well-balanced performances of *The Revenge*, Elgar's *The Snow*, and Eaton Fanning's *Daybreak*. Dr. Henry T. Pringle conducted. Charles Hambourg's String Quartet played some Mendelssohn music.

LIVERPOOL.—At Mr. Crane's *matinée* concert on March 1, Elgar's Violin and Pianoforte Sonata was played by Miss Nanette Evans, a Welsh violinist, and Mr. Anderson Tyrer, and the latter also played an *Étude* in F minor by Lloyd Hartley, the Bach-Busoni Chaconne, and a Chopin group.—On February 28 Moiseiwitsch played Rachmaninov's Pianoforte Concerto No. 2, in C minor, with the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, Mr. Julius Harrison conducting. Of special interest was the first performance at Liverpool of the conductor's *Worcestershire Suite*. The Philharmonic Choir sang part-songs—*In these delightful, pleasant groves* (Purcell) and *O happy eyes* (Elgar).—The British Music Society on March 8 devoted itself to the music of Arthur Bliss, who lectured on 'Tendencies in Modern Music,' and expounded the possibilities of the chamber orchestra. Demonstrations were given of the unusual combinations for which Mr. Bliss writes, such as voice and clarinet, voice and string quartet, two voices and chamber orchestra, voice (without words) and orchestra, as in *Rout*. The vocalists were Miss Grace Crawford (soprano) and Mr. Gerald Cooper (tenor), with an orchestra of ten.—There is in this city a dearth of first-class orchestral concerts of popular character, and therefore the visit of the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra on March 4, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald, was particularly welcome.



The chief attraction was Elgar's *Enigma Variations*, and the programme included excerpts from *The Mastersingers* and *Hansel and Gretel*, the Passepied from Delibes's *Le roi s'amuse*, and Liszt's Pianoforte Fantasia on his fourteenth Rhapsody (with Miss Katharine Goodson as pianist). Miss Leila Megane was the vocalist.—The National Opera Company closed a two weeks' run of unparalleled success, on March 4, with *Tannhäuser*, and left behind it a very solid satisfaction.—Miss Lucy Pierce, giving a pianoforte recital on March 8, played the Handel-Brahms Variations and Saint-Saëns's Caprice on the *Alceste* music.—The Post Office Choral Society sang *St. John's Eve* on March 8, conducted by Mr. Arthur Davies, and supported by an orchestra.—Audrey Smith, a ten-year-old pianist, gave a recital on March 9, showing an inner impulse as well as good teaching. Her brother Rodney, still younger, played the violin with confidence and good technique.—Recent recitals include that of Miss Marion Keyleigh Snowden, with four Sonatas of Scarlatti.

LONG EATON.—Mr. W. Woolley gave a sketch of the life and work of Sir Edward Elgar on February 11, with vocal illustrations by the Co-operative Senior Choir, including *How calmly the evening, O happy eyes, As torrents in summer, Weary wind of the West, The Snow, and My love dwell in a Northern land.*

MANCHESTER.—The Hallé concert on February 24 was an exceptional success, for the music was not just such as he who runs may read. It was in some ways even forbidding, yet numbers and enthusiasm ran high. Busoni was the pianist in Liszt's Concerto No. 2, and also played his own Chamber Fantasy on *Carmen* and Liszt's E flat Paganini Study. Mr. Hamilton Harty conducted the orchestra, and memorable were the *Falses Nobles et Sentimentales* of Ravel, which followed Wagner's *Faust* Overture. Gustav Holst's *The Planets* suffered, for lack of understanding (to be gained only by long acquaintance) and certainly left the listener who expected purely æsthetic delight a little flabbergasted.—The concluding Harty-Catterall recital for the season, on February 25, created the finest and most decisive effect in unfamiliar music. The Sonata in A by Pizzetti made a clear impression of distinction and beauty. Schumann's Sonata in D minor and one of Grieg's Sonatas completed the programme.—The C.W.S. concerts are now seriously established, though the programme on March 2 was somewhat too miscellaneous. Cyril Jenkins's *Fallen Heroes* and Schubert's *The Night is Cloudless* (with Miss Caroline Hatchard as soloist) were included; Mr. Peter Dawson sang Loebe's ballad *Edward*, and Mr. Edward Isaac played pianoforte music by Turina and Albeniz.—A Beethoven programme was offered at the Hallé concert on March 3, demonstrating the contrast between Beethoven in his first Symphony (C major) and his last (the Choral). Mr. Hamilton Harty missed some of the sublimity of the opening of the latter, but gave a superb reading of the *Scherzo*. The choir had the greatest triumph, its tone being rich, fine in substance, and the extreme pitch was reached easily. Miss Agnes Nicholls, Miss Sonnenberg, Mr. Herbert Eisdell, and Mr. George Parker were the solo quartet, and Miss Nicholls sang the air *Ah! perfido*. The *Edmont* Overture completed the list.—The O'Malley Quartet on March 4 played the Quartet in B flat by four Russian composers—Rimsky-Korsakov, Liadov, Borodin, and Glazounov.—On March 3 Mr. Martin Shaw gave a recital of his own songs at the University. In a short address he disclaimed any cultivation of a national idiom. Miss Alice Shawcross and Mr. George Parker were his exponents.—Mr. Gustav Holst was well received at the Brand-Lane concert on March 4, when he conducted three numbers from *The Planets*—*Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn*. The rest of the programme—which Sir Henry Wood conducted—was of popular character.—At the Hallé operatic concert on March 13 *I Pagliacci* was given with Miss Ethel Austen and Mr. Frank Mullings as principals. Mr. Hamilton Harty conducted the orchestra in Tchaikovsky's Suite in G major and *Casse Noisette*, *In the steppes of Central Asia* (Borodin), *Gopak* (Moussorgsky), and the chorus and orchestra in the choral dances from *Prince Igor*. Dvorák's *Poetische Stimmungsbilder* (*Twilight's Way*) and Palmgren's *Auf dem Wasser* and *In Polka takt*

comprised the programme.—On March 9 New Mills Orchestral Society, under the direction of Mr. Baguley Waters, played Beethoven's C minor Symphony and Brahms's Variations on a theme by Haydn, and Miss Agnes Nicholls sang.—Sir Edward Elgar conducted a number of his own works at the Brand-Lane concert on February 27. Miss Beatrice Harrison was the soloist in the Violoncello Concerto, and other orchestral pieces were *In the South* Overture, the Bach Fugue, the *Wand of Youth* Suite, and *Cockaigne* Overture. Miss Phyllis Lett sang the *Sea Pictures*.—Other events to record are a recital of Max Mayer's songs, and pianoforte recitals by Mr. Maurice Cole and Mr. Robert Gregory.

MIDDLESBROUGH.—After forty years' strenuous work in the cause of music, Dr. Kilburn, on February 16, laid down the baton as hon. conductor of the Musical Union, he having entered on his eightieth year. The choir sang Brahms's *Song of Destiny*, the Epilogue from *The Golden Legend*, and Dr. Kilburn's setting of Ben Jonson's *Queen's Hunting Song* (accompanied by strings and two trumpets). The London Symphony Orchestra played a Suite of Dr. Kilburn's and Liszt's *Les Préludes*. Miss Agnes Nicholls and Mr. Herbert Brown sang Wagner music. A presentation was made to Dr. Kilburn by Sir Hugh Bell, supported by the Mayor.

MORLEY (YORKS).—The Choral Society, conducted by Mr. John Groves, performed *King Olaf* on March 13, with the assistance of the Leeds Symphony Orchestra. The second part of the programme was miscellaneous and all-British, and in addition to orchestral pieces by Elgar, songs by Purcell, Parry, Stanford, German, and Bairstow were included.

NEWCASTLE.—The Male-Voice Glee Union on February 16 celebrated its twenty-first anniversary. Mr. S. G. Lovatt conducted, and part-songs and glees included *The tuneful sound of Robin's horn* (Grimshaw), *Winter wraps his grimmest spell* (MacDowell), *Whither runneth my sweetheart* (Gerrard Williams), *Hushed in death* (Hiles), *Hereward the Wake* (S. G. Lovatt), *The Wedding of Shou Maclean* (Patterson), and a *Border Ballad* by Maunder. Miss Ethel Fenton sang W. Morse Rummel's *Ecstasy* and *Lovers' sighs* by Maud Stewart Baxter. Violin music was played by M. Zacharewitsch.—The Glee and Madrigal Society opened the year on February 23 with a fine performance of Cooke's great glee *Shades of the heroes*, and other pieces sung were Beale's *Come, let us join the roundelay*, Paxton's *How sweet, how fresh*, Spofforth's *My dear mistress*, and some familiar and more modern pieces. Mr. Herman McLeod played Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in E minor.—Benton Orchestral Society, newly-formed, gave its first concert on February 23, playing Mozart's *Jupiter* Symphony, Thomas's *Le Cid* Overture, and Three Dances by Sarakovsky.—The concert given by the Bach Choir, on March 1, was in the hands of the Catterall Quartet, which charmed everyone by its execution of Pizzetti's Quartet in A and Arnold Bax's Quartet in G minor, Beethoven's Op. 132 completing the programme.—The Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Hamilton Harty on March 8, played a Bach Concerto in G for strings, Ravel's Orchestral Suite, *Mother Goose*, Tchaikovsky's B flat minor Pianoforte Concerto, with Mr. Anderson Tyrer as soloist, and the *New World* Symphony.—On March 6 the Carl Rosa Opera Company opened a twelve days' season with the usual repertoire.—On March 9 the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, under the auspices of the International Celebrity Concerts, was conducted by Sir Edward Elgar in Beethoven's fifth Symphony, the rest of the programme being somewhat on popular lines.—On March 15 the chief work of the Armstrong College Choral Society and the College Orchestral Society, which are conducted by Dr. W. G. Whittaker, was Bach's Magnificat. North-country songs, in Dr. Whittaker's arrangements, were successful, especially *The Willow Tree* and *Elsie Marley*. The orchestra played Handel's *Concerto Grosso* for strings, No. 1, and Mozart's Symphony in E flat.—Dr. W. G. Whittaker lectured on March 11 at Armstrong College on the B minor Mass of Bach. The Bach Choir sang the *Kyrie, Credo*, and other important choruses.



NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. William Turner's Ladies' Prize Choir gave a concert on February 26, and Miss Mabel Linwood gave a vocal recital at Heaton on February 27, assisted by Miss H. Eveline Hurcum (pianoforte).—On March 4 the Philharmonic Society, conducted by Mr. William Turner, sang Cyril Jenkins's *Ode to the West Wind*, Stanford's *The Revenge*, and part-songs. They were supported by an orchestra.—The William Woolley Choral Society on February 23 sang Elgar's *The Fountain*, Bantock's eight-part chorus, *They that go down to the sea in ships*, and Wilbye's *Sweet honey-sucking bees*. Mr. Woolley conducted.

OXFORD.—On February 26, in Queen's College Chapel, Mr. Besly directed the *Dettingen Te Deum*, Brahms's *O heart subdued with grieving*, Vaughan Williams's *The Burial Psalm* (Motet for baritone, chorus, quartet, organ, and orchestra), and *Crossing the Bar* (Besly), the chorus and orchestra being that of the Eglesfield Musical Society. Miss Norah Dawney sang Purcell's *Evening Hymn*.—A programme of Schubert's pianoforte music and songs was given at Sanfield on February 28, the pianist being Miss Carola Geissler-Schubert (granddaughter of Schubert's brother), and the vocalist Miss Edith McCullagh.—Oxford Orchestral Society, conducted by Mr. Besly, on March 2, gave a programme chiefly of 'classics,' Bach's Trio in C minor for organ was played in Mr. Besly's orchestral arrangement, a fair development of organ music in the larger medium. With Mr. Claud Biggs as pianist, Brahms's second Pianoforte Concerto (B flat) was also given.—At the fifth Subscription Concert on February 16, the English String Quartet played Beethoven (Op. 95), Schubert (Op. 29), and the Ravel Quartet.

PENRITH.—On February 23 the Musical Society performed *Elijah*, under Mr. J. Pollard. The choir numbered two hundred, and the orchestra fifty.

PLYMOUTH.—Dr. Harold Lake's Madrigal Society, on March 1, sang Wesley's *When Israel came out of Egypt*, Bach's *I wrestle and pray*, and Tchaikovsky's *How blest are they*, all for double choir. Among Madrigals and modern part-songs rendered were Delius's eight-part *Midsummer Song* and Julius Harrison's *In the Forest* (first performances in the West of England), *To Daffodils* (Harold Lake), *Two Roses* (César Cui), Wilbye's *Sweet honey-sucking bees*, Geoffrey Shaw's *Gossip Joan*, and Macfarren's *The Three Fishers*. Pianoforte quartet music was played by Mr. Reginald Ball, Miss Hannaford, Miss Winifred Blight, and Dr. Harold Lake.—Dr. Weekes's Orchestral Society on March 8 played Balfour Gardiner's *Comedy Overture*, Sullivan's *Di Ballo*, and the Prelude to Act 1 of *Lohengrin*. Dr. Weekes and Mr. Walter Weekes conducted. The former has announced his retirement after sixty years' strenuous work for music.

PORT TALBOT (WALES).—Grove Place Welsh Church Choir, conducted by Mr. George Llewellyn, gave, on February 16, Franco Leon's *The Gate of Life* for the first time in the district. The orchestra was led by Mr. Gomer Jones.

PORTSMOUTH.—The third concert of the Quartet Players, on February 27, included William V. Hurlstone's Pianoforte Quartet and an excerpt from Richard H. Walthew's *Five Diversions* for strings. The players were Miss Edith Bunny (violin), Major R. Bullin (viola), Mr. Frank Cranmore (violin), and Mrs. Bullin (pianoforte). Mr. Ernest Groom sang Purcell's *Hark! the echoing air*. Handel's *Where'er you walk*, and Mallinson's *Sing, break into song*.—The Temperance Choral Union, on February 18 (conducted by Mr. T. Plater), sang Elgar's *Challenge of Thor*, the choral fantasia from *Tannhäuser*, *Sweet honey-sucking bees* (Wilbye), and an Irish folk-song for female voices, *Follow me down to Carlow*. Mr. Cyril J. Fogwell was at the organ.—Under the direction of Mr. Ernest C. Birch, North End Choral Society gave excerpts from light opera on March 4. Mr. W. H. Heighway (violin), Mr. Cuthbert Walters (cello), and Mrs. G. Taylor (pianoforte),

played Frank Bridge's *Londonderry Air*, and a set of his *Miniatures*.—Recitals have been given by Moiseiwitsch, and a local boy pianist, Reginald H. Renison.

SHREWSBURY.—The Philharmonic Society gave its third concert this season on February 16, performing *The Hymn of Praise* and miscellaneous choral and instrumental items. The soloists were Miss Gertrude Johnson and Mr. Hubert Eisdell. Mr. F. G. Rowland conducted.

SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr. Franz Somers has organized a series of Sunday concerts which have proved very successful. His co-operators are Miroslav Shlik, a Yugo-Slovak (violin) and John Hume (pianoforte). On February 19 the programme included John Ireland's Sonata in D minor.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.—The Madrigal Society of which Mr. Walter L. Booth is the conductor is a fine exponent of its art. On March 2 the programme included Eaton Fanning's *Daybreak*, *Dream love* (Fletcher), *Now is the month of Maying*, *Drink to me only with thine eyes*, and *A Franklyn's Dogge*. Miss Hilda Blake sang songs, and Mr. Giovanni Barbirolli played 'cello pieces.

SUNDERLAND.—The Sunderland Vocal Union, a hundred and sixty strong, successfully undertook Mr. Alick Maclean's much-neglected work, *The Annunciation*, on March 10, under the composer's direction. An expressive performance drew great effect from Mr. Maclean's music, which provides profitable material for choral study. The solo parts were taken by Miss Flora Woodman, Miss Muriel Brunskill, Mr. John Booth, and Mr. Ernest J. Potts.

TORQUAY.—For the Orchestral Society's twentieth annual concert on March 7, Mr. Henry E. Crocker brought members of the Royal Marine Band from Plymouth to supply wood-wind and brass. Beethoven's Symphony in C and the *Prometheus Overture*, two Suites for strings by Elgar, Waltzes by Coleridge-Taylor, and Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, with Mrs. W. H. Mortimer as soloist, comprised the programme.

TORRINGTON.—Mr. F. J. Webber conducted the Choral Society and a small orchestra in Hubert Bath's *Shon Maclean* on February 22.

WEDNESBURY.—The programme of St. James's Choral Society, on February 20, included a concert version of *Maritana* with orchestra, conducted by Mr. Edward Bliss, the concert being a success from all points of view.

WORCESTER.—At the ladies' night of the Glee Club on February 28 the programme was largely orchestral.—The programme offered at the Symphony Orchestra Concert on February 26 consisted of chamber music. Bach's Double Concerto for violins and pianoforte was played by Mr. J. W. Austin, Mr. C. H. Baker, and Mrs. W. Hill, and Beethoven's String Quartet in D was given with Mr. F. Fielder as viola player. Mr. George Austin played organ music, including three Chorale Preludes on Welsh hymn-tunes by Vaughan Williams, and a Choral Prelude by Harold Darke.

YORK.—Acorn Choral Society, conducted by Mr. T. G. Robinson, on February 22 sang *Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast* and Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens*. Mr. Maude led a good orchestra, and also played a Hungarian Rhapsody for violin by Hauser.—Sheffield String Quartet played to members of the British Music Society, on March 11, an Andante by William Baines, Elgar's Quartet, and with Mr. Raymond Hartley as vocalist, Vaughan Williams's cycle, *On Wenlock Edge*, Dr. E. C. Bairstow being the pianist.

The Chiswick Chamber Concerts Society gave an excellent programme on February 28. The Spencer Dyke Quartet played Gossens's *By the Tarn* and *Jack o' Lantern*, and, with Miss Isabel Gray, Elgar's Quintet. Miss Gwladys Naish sang *Five Miniature Ballads* by Hurlstone.

## SOUND RANGING

At the meeting of the Musical Association on February 14 Mr. E. Lancaster Jones read a paper on 'Sound Ranging: with special reference to its use during the recent war.' The problem of finding the distance of an object, he said, was generally reduced to that of finding the direction of the object from each of a set of base points. Usually the object ranged was in motion, and the necessary measurements must be made quickly. In order first to perceive the object, and secondly to determine its direction, it was necessary that there should be a transmission of some kind of energy through the intervening medium, and that suitable detectors with means for determining the direction of transmission should be placed at the base points. Optical range-finding failed when the necessary light was absent or the opacity of the intervening medium prevented its transmission. In such circumstances sound ranging offered a practical alternative.

Before the war sound ranging was rarely employed except as an aid to the navigation of ships in foggy weather. During the war the intense development of such weapons of attack as long-range guns, night-flying aircraft, and submarines—all of which could be screened from visual observation—led to a corresponding development of sound ranging as an alternative. Since the war attention had once more been focussed upon the application of sound ranging to navigation in foggy weather and to marine surveying.

When a gun was fired it generated an impulsive sound-wave of very low frequency. The flight of the shell generated a series of waves of high frequency, which were a disturbing influence. The elimination of these was effected by using a resonant detector which was sensitive only to low frequency sounds. The detector used with most success was invented by a British subaltern, and was known as the Tucker Hot-wire Microphone. The lecturer gave a detailed explanation of the method of working this, and said that by it the position of the gun could be located to within fifty yards on an average about ten minutes after it was fired.

The perception of sound direction, so long as the sound affected both ears of the observer, was known as the Principle of Binaural Audition. A sound-wave coming from one side would impinge upon the ear upon that side slightly before the other, and by turning the head until the sound was central it was possible to determine the direction, either in front or behind. Special apparatus, consisting of conical horns mounted upon a frame which could be rotated about a vertical and also about a horizontal axis, and having the horns attached by tubes to the ears, increased the accuracy of determination. This method was used for locating aircraft.

Locating submarines was the most important problem of sound ranging during the war, and led to innumerable methods and appliances for its solution. The submarine, when in motion, generated sound-waves of a quality and rhythm easily recognised by a skilled observer. The energy of the sound-wave was readily transmitted by sea-water, and it was therefore only to be detected at the necessary distance by means of a receiver in contact with the water. The ship's own noises, &c., were disturbing elements whose effects had to be minimised. These considerations, together with the well-known properties of sound-waves as regards speed of propagation, reflection, refraction, interference, &c., determined the general character and development of the appliances used. Two main types of detector were employed—one purely acoustic, the other microphonic. In the former, some type of electric diaphragm responded to the sound-waves, and produced a corresponding wave in the air, which was transmitted by an air path to a suitable receiver on board the listening ship. The microphonic detector converted the sound-wave into an electrical wave, transmitted by wires to the ship, and mostly transformed back again to sound by a telephone receiver. The acoustic detector gave a more faithful response to the sound, but the electrical one was more sensitive and convenient. The lecturer exhibited and described several kinds of apparatus before passing on to navigation and marine surveying.

Some system of sound ranging had long been employed in connection with the navigation of ships in foggy weather, but

it was not until the beginning of the present century that a practical system of sound-signalling was evolved. The receivers consisted of microphones, one on each side of the ship, and suspended in tanks filled with water. Direction was ascertained by comparing the intensity of the sound with each receiver and swinging the ship. In 1912 another system of oscillators or vibrators, which could be used either as generators or receivers of sound-waves, was devised. The hydrophones devised during the war had been extensively used for navigational purposes by the Americans, who had got very good results with what are known as M.V. tubes. These were also employed in sounding. Finally, reference was made to hyper-acoustic or ultra-audible methods, where the sound-waves had a frequency very much higher than the audible, being nearly similar to light-waves, but with the important difference that they were readily transmitted by media opaque to light.

## MUSIC IN IRELAND

The organ recital given in the Chapel Royal, Dublin, on March 10, by Mr. W. E. Hopkins, 'Director of the State Music,' was a notable event. By special request, Mr. Hopkins, who is organist of the Chapel Royal, repeated the programme which he had recently given with such conspicuous success at Eolian Hall, London. The recital was in aid of the fund for the restoration of Rheims Cathedral.

Although the 'Mater' concerts (which were not an outstanding financial success) ended on March 4, yet the Dublin Symphony Concerts, under Mr. Vincent O'Brien, will continue for some time longer, and on March 11 a musical feast was provided, which included Nicolai's *Merry Wives Overture*, and Elgar's *Marche Militaire*. Signor Lenghi Cellini sang.

Quite an interesting treat was afforded at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, on March 15, when a benefit concert was accorded to Signor Simonetti, the well-known violinist. The artists included the *beneficiaries* as well as Dr. Esposito, Miss May Meehan, and Mr. Michael Gallagher, and a charming programme was gone through.

As Ulster Hall, Belfast, has been commandeered by the military owing to the disturbed condition of the city, the operatic 'celebrity' concert advertised for March 14 had to be postponed till further notice.

The Belfast Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Godfrey Brown, gave a concert on March 11, in aid of the Belfast branch of the Musicians' Union, the principal item being Beethoven's C minor Symphony.

## Obituary

We regret to record the following deaths:

OSCAR BERINGER, on February 21, in his seventy-eighth year. For over fifty years he had made London his residence. His gifts as a teacher of the pianoforte became widely known, and he soon won his way to a position of great influence. In 1885 he was appointed professor at the Royal Academy of Music and at the Royal College of Music, and for over twenty years he conducted an 'Academy for the Higher Development of Pianoforte Playing.' A correspondent sends the following personal appreciation:

'The passing of Oscar Beringer brings many recollections of his young teaching days to the mind of an old pupil, who began at the age of thirteen, about the year 1875, to have lessons with this enthusiastic young musician in a small house in Great Marlborough Street, where he had started his "Academy for the Higher Development of Pianoforte Playing," a cumbersome title derived from the German name of the Tausig School where he himself had studied. We were taught in classes of three, lasting an hour, twice a week. Various harmony professors also held weekly classes, of whom Prof. Ebenezer Prout was the most eminent, and the other pianoforte professors included Franklin Taylor, Dannreuther, and Bache. This means that this little music school really was a pioneer in England of the best pianoforte playing, and it is difficult for

the young musician nowadays to realise the revelation it meant, after years of Thalberg's compositions and *La Prière d'une Vierge*. Beringer's chief insistence, it always seemed to me, was on clarity, truthfulness, and absence of muddle. His teaching in these respects led far beyond music, and made one feel their necessity in every branch of study. Sparing in praise, a few words of encouragement from him weighed far heavier than from an easier master, and were something to be remembered always—and, indeed, gloated over. In those days, at any rate, he had not much sympathy with so-called "interpretations." We were expected to play Beethoven and Schumann as the composers had written, and to learn to walk before we tried to run. His friend Von Bülow was a noted exponent of this school of playing. He opened to the writer, and doubtless to many others—among whom are numbered some of the most brilliant English pianists of the day—a new world of interest in music study for which we can never sufficiently be grateful.

ARTHUR HERVEY, on March 10, composer, author, and critic. He was of Irish descent and born at Paris. His early education took place at the Oratory, Birmingham, and among his earliest musical instructors was Berthold Tours. He was destined for the diplomatic service, but the claims of music were too strong. He completed his studies in France, which accounted for the particular interest he always took in French music. Some of his orchestral compositions attained a certain amount of popularity, and his works were heard at some of the big musical festivals. Among these may be mentioned *Scena* for baritone and orchestra *At the Gates of Night*, performed at the Gloucester Festival in 1901; two tone-poems, *On the Heights* and *On the March*, performed at the Cardiff Festival in 1902; and *Youth*, played at the Norwich Festival in the same year. At the succeeding Cardiff Festival (1904) his tone-poem *In the East* was performed. *Summer* was composed for the Cardiff Festival of 1907, and *Life Moods* was produced at the Brighton Festival of 1910. His tone-poem *Love* was produced by the Philharmonic Society in 1907. He also wrote an opera *Iona* in 1914, and his little one-act opera *The Post Box* was performed at the Court Theatre in 1885. He was the author of many graceful songs, and his *Romance* for violin is still often heard at concerts. He published a book on *Masters of French Music*, a book on *French Music of the 19th century*, a monograph of Alfred Bruneau, and his latest work on Saint-Saëns was published only a few weeks before his death. Also he contributed many articles, chiefly on French composers, to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He will probably be best remembered as the musical critic of the *Morning Post* from 1892-1908. In that capacity he was conspicuous for his broad views, which were not unduly influenced by his predilection already referred to for the music of France. His severest criticism was always couched in courteous language, which could not offend the people criticised. In private life he was a man of unflinching courtesy and great geniality, and always ready to help all who sought from him information or advice. He will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends. His compositions had a charm of their own. They were always marked by melodiousness, straightforwardness of utterance, and polish of manner.

HENRY R. EDMONDS, a young organist of great promise. He was born at Swindon, in 1901. Obtaining his F.R.C.O. diploma at the age of eighteen, he was awarded an organ scholarship at the R.C.M. in the following year, but resigned this with the intention of entering Exeter College, Oxford. Ill-health intervened, however, and after a short period as organist to the Countess of Craven, he was appointed, in the autumn of 1921, to the English Church at Hyères, where he died shortly after his arrival.

FANNY KEMBLE POOLE, a well-known and popular contralto of the 'seventies and 'eighties, who died on March 8. Madame Poole was primarily associated with oratorio, and sang at most of the musical festivals of her day. She was a descendant of 'the Kembles,' and a sister of Miss Alice Barnett, whose name is indelibly associated with the original productions of the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas at the Savoy.

## Musical Notes from Abroad

### AMSTERDAM

Mengelberg brought his season's activities to a climax by a splendid performance of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*. After his departure for New York there followed a respite in orchestral programmes, only interrupted by a few popular concerts conducted by Prof. Max Fiedler, of which an evening devoted solely to Brahms (the Haydn Variations, Double Concerto, and first Symphony) will be remembered on account of the conductor proving himself a unique interpreter of this music.

Dr. Karl Muck, whom we are glad again to have as conductor during Mengelberg's absence, conducted his first concert on February 2—Beethoven's *Fidelio* Overture and the seventh and eighth Symphonies. Of his subsequent concerts one was devoted to Russian music, Anton Witte coming from Berlin to play Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto. Subsequently we had a Strauss evening (with the Suite from *Der Bürger als Edelmann* and the *Sinfonia Domestica*), a classical concert (Handel, Bach, and Mozart), and a Beethoven concert.

On January 24 the Christian Oratorio Society, conducted by M. Schoonderbeek, was heard in a highly meritorious performance of César Franck's *Béatitudes*, for the chief tenor part of which M. R. Plamondon, of Paris, lent his valuable assistance.

A great number of chamber music concerts have taken place in the last four weeks—indeed, there were so many that I must confine myself to recording only the most prominent events. Among these has to be reckoned the visit of the Meredyll Pianoforte Quartet. This fine body of artists roused universal admiration at their first appearance in Holland, the high standard of their performance being evident in works by Mozart, Dohnányi, and G. Fauré. M. Schörg, the former leader of the famous Brussels String Quartet, came over with a new body of confrères. Their playing of works by Dohnányi, Schubert, Wolf, and Beethoven was perfect in every way. Very high demands were satisfied in a Trio evening given by Messrs. Evert Cornelis, Leydensdorff, and Canizew (one of the *Concerts Royaux* by Couperin and Trios by Ravel and Beethoven). The violinist Telmányi and the pianist Sandor Vas came this year only on a flying visit to Holland. This time they eschewed solo items, and gave a Sonata evening (works by Leo Weiner, Schubert, and Brahms), a venture which cannot but be said to have been wholly satisfactory.

In spite of present bad times and scanty public attendance, the number of solo-recitals has so far shown no diminution. In the majority of cases they were given by pianists. Only two violoncellists were heard, viz., M. Orobio de Castro (whose playing still shows a preponderance on the technical side) and the wonderful M. Gerard Hekking, a veritable king of his instrument. A Hungarian violinist, M. Alfred Indig, gave evidence of considerable talent, although he still lacks perfection. Among the many pianists hardly one has created so much interest as M. Paul Schramm. His performance, moreover, was due to a mere accident. He was to have acted as accompanist to the well-known Wagner singer, Madame Hertha Dehmloew. Unfortunately Madame Dehmloew succumbed to a spell of influenza, and the hall being already hired, the agent induced M. Schramm to give a pianoforte recital instead. Nothing like so perfect and finished interpretations have been heard for a long time. Dirk Schäfer, one of the few pianists who can always rely upon a crowded attendance, has this time included in his scheme some of his own works.

Finally, I have to record a concert given by the Finnish bard, M. Olli Suolahti, who accompanies himself on the national instrument called cantele, which plays such an important rôle in the Finnish national epic *Kalevala*. The cantele may not inappropriately be described as a hybrid form of the German zither and the Russian balalaika, surpassing both, however, in its multiform resources of expression. With Suolahti came the Swedish singer, M. Johan Ljunghvist, who gave us a fine selection of Swedish folk-songs.

W. HARMANS.

## GERMANY

In spite of widely spread materialism in Germany a deepening of the spiritual life seems to be taking place conjointly with the performance of the inexhaustible treasures of musical art. People's high schools and working men's committees everywhere seek to prepare the way towards a raising of the masses. With the disappearance of the Court, the town of Altenburg (S.A.) seemed to have lost considerably in æsthetic culture, but with the seizure of political power the cleverly organized working classes did not neglect the cultivation of musical and dramatic art. So long as they provide real art an explanation of the old cry *panem et circenses* may well pass muster. Kapellmeister Klaus Nettekötter produced during the past few months not only *The Flying Dutchman*, *Aida*, and *Figaro*, but also works by Schillings (*Mona Lisa*), Pfitzner (*Christelflein*), Waltershausen (*Oberst Chabert*), Puccini (*Tosca*), giving finally sixteen highly successful performances of *Parsifal*. *Tosca*, which was felt to be in glaring contrast with the home products—although the same singers appeared in all operas—afforded proof that although valuable foreign operas ought to be produced, yet the chief attention of German managers must be devoted to German works. Chamber music (Tchaikovsky's Trio in A minor, Brahms's Trio in B major, &c.), choral works (Beethoven's *Missa solemnis*, Brahms's *German Requiem*), and orchestral music (three Beethoven Symphonies), helped to vindicate the reputation of Altenburg as a musical centre.

The devoted work done in these small German towns cannot be overestimated. Sondershausen, a town of about seven thousand inhabitants, can point to an artistic tradition of hundreds of years. At the last Loh-Konzert, Prof. Corbach's Orchestra played a *Sinfonia patetica* by Gottfried Herrman (Court conductor at Sondershausen, 1844-52) which had been lost. It was recently discovered by Dr. Göhler. Composed in 1841, the work is interesting as pointing directly towards Wagner on the one hand and Brahms on the other.

Würzburg boasts a princely castle (built 1720-45) that is one of the most beautiful examples of the German baroque style. The desire to establish in its quaint halls a home for music was but the revival of the artistic interests of such lord-bishops as Friedrich Carl von Schönhorn and Adam Friedrich von Seinsheim, which were not confined to the Court chapel. The Kaisersaal, where some recent Festival concerts took place, was well-suited for chamber music of all periods. While the main attention was concentrated on the treasures of the 18th century, the programme also contained little-known works by Tognetti, Galuppi, Rameau, Scarlatti, *Phœbus and Pan*, and songs by Philip Emanuel Bach, the 10th century being represented by Beethoven, Schumann, and Grieg, with vocal quartets by Brahms, and the art of our epoch-finding voice in Hermann Zilcher's *Volksliederspiel*. Admirers of Church music enjoyed a special treat in the Court Church, where Palestrina's *Missa Pape Marcelli* and an Offertorium by Orlando di Lasso were performed; in addition to which the Gregorian Choral of the Vatican was sung. Altogether, the Festival excited great interest among the large audiences assembled.

Stuttgart Theatre has produced two operas by Schubert, the first of which, *Der treue Soldat*, composed in 1815, when Schubert was eighteen years of age, has never been performed. The second work, *Die Verschworenen*, was written in 1823, and first performed in 1861 at Vienna. Although several theatres produced it, and although Mottl gave it in 1890 at Karlsruhe in a revised form, it did not find favour with the public. Now Herr Rolf Lanckner has seized upon the opera, revising the entire text, while Herr Fritz Busch, along with Prof. D. F. Tovey, has taken charge of the music, in the hope of rescuing a very beautiful work.

A charming short opera by Mozart, *Die verstellte Einfalt*, composed by him at the age of twelve, was some time ago produced at Karlsruhe 'for the first time' (apart from a private performance in the year 1769 in the palace of the Archbishop of Salzburg). Herr Anton Rudolph has retained the original plot, but has replaced the nonsensical Italian text by a German text conforming with the music

in style, form, and colour, and deepening the psychological interest.

The third day of a highly successful musical Festival in the old town of Naumburg a/S., famed in ecclesiastical history as well as in trade, presented two novelties in the shape of Gluck's *Marienkönigin* and Weber's *Abu Hassan*—charming operettas—in which the leading members of the Leipzig opera took part.

While the smaller German towns thus drink at the fount of pure art, the State Opera of Berlin performs Puccini's *Tosca*. It is surprising that such a work is staged at one of the foremost institutions of Germany. It does not elevate, it does not form the sense for beauty. Its appeal is to the lowest instincts of the masses.

A healthy contrast is found, however, in Pfitzner's Christmas play, *Das Christelflein*, which, like Humperdinck's *Hänsel und Gretel*, was originally written for a private circle, and, in order to preserve its valuable music, was afterwards rewritten as an opera. Pfitzner is no Humperdinck. What he writes is somewhat heavy. Children find the work too philosophical; to adults it is too naive. But the beautiful music overrides these defects. Hans Pfitzner is coming more to the front from year to year. The chief work of the Berlin Pfitzner-Woche (January 22-27) was a romantic Cantata, *Von deutscher Seele*, for four solo voices, mixed chorus, grand orchestra, and organ, based on poems by Eichendorff. The press is unanimous in recognising the Cantata as a very valuable work.

The Bochum Brahms Festival brought together a large concourse of enthusiastic listeners, led thither by such choice works as the Trio, Op. 8, the Quintet, Op. 88, the Sextet, Op. 18, the Pianoforte Quartet, Op. 38, the Clarinet Quintet, Op. 115, as well as songs and choruses for female voices. The Festival was a great success.

Foreign artists are again winning popularity in Germany. Mattia Battistini had a great reception in *Un ballo in maschera*; Anna Hegner has proved herself among the leading lady violinists of the day; Romuald Wikarski has given a successful Chopin recital; Frau Elsa Rydin-Oeberg has shown gifts of voice and mind in songs by Sibelius, Gluck, Peterson, Berger, Sjögren, Rangström, and Dvorák; Russia has sent Schelkov with songs by Moussorgsky; England supplied Miss Dorothy Rohson, with songs by Delius, Parry, Arthur Bliss, Brahms, Wolf, and Strauss; the south of Europe was represented by Carmen Osorio, eleven years of age; whose playing of Bach, Beethoven, and Chopin was much admired. Other foreign artists who have sought appreciation are Jeanne Koet-vier (songs), Anite Voileann (a Bach evening), Iris Törn (pianoforte), Frederic Drissen (songs), Elena Ivanova (songs), Louis van Laar (violin), Elsa Rydin-Oeberg (Northern songs), Lamond (Beethoven Sonatas), Lambrino (Bach and Beethoven), Josma Selim (chansons), Henry Holist (violin).

One of the greatest operatic successes of the past few years is Waldemar Wendland's *Peter Sukoff*, which was first performed at Basle and has now been repeated at Mayence. Olga Wohlbruck, the wife of the composer, has written a dramatic 'book' on a stirring tale from Russia under the Czars. Action predominates. In the music Wendland speaks a language entirely his own. The whole opera is so saturated with Russian spirit that it is unnecessary to inquire which are genuine Russian melodies and which are the composer's creations. There are climaxes of great beauty, born of the dramatic situations, and songs and dances are cast into concise forms. The opera was staged with great splendour. It is to be repeated at Paris, the text having already been translated into French.

Hans Bullerian is one of the stronger personalities among composers of to-day. His *Stuck* Symphony was received with unusual enthusiasm when recently performed at the Opera House of Charlottenburg. It is a series of symphonic poems, each describing a picture of Frank Stuck. In his orchestration the composer employs the most modern means of expression, and the players have to struggle with problems hitherto unknown. Frasselt and his artists carried off a great victory, and Press and public declared the performance a modern musical triumph.

Felix Draeseke's *Sinfonia tragica* was revived at the last symphony concert of the Dresden Opera-house Orchestra.



Draeseke (1835-1913), better known as the composer of *Christus*, is one of the most characteristic of modern composers, and his Tragic Symphony may be placed among the masterpieces of German music. Its 'tragic' character is confined to the slow movement—a majestic funeral march—and to a *Finale* that works up the material of the other three movements to a witches' Sabbath. The *Sinfonia tragica* has also been included in the programme of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts.

Dresden, the Weber-town *par excellence*, commemorated the centenary of *Der Freischütz* by producing the greater part of Weber's operas on six successive nights. While *Freischütz* was modernised, *Preziosa* carried the spectators back a hundred years. Servants in old-fashioned costumes lighted the footlights and rolled up the curtain. Such things do not give the opera new life; but for the charming music no one would ask for a repetition of the work. Besides the stage works other little-known compositions were produced at a special concert, such as the pretty *Peter Schmall* Overture; a Hungarian Rondo for viola and orchestra (which Weber afterwards arranged for bassoon); the *Aufforderung zum Tanz* (which gave the ballet an opportunity to take part); the *Uelkante* (minus the Overture) with its beautiful choruses and soli; and the amusing operetta, *Abu Hassan*. Owing to a 'Weber-strike' the costumes for *Oberon* could not be furnished in time, and *Euryanthe* was repeated instead. The Weber Festival was a great success, and all the operas are to be performed again in the spring.

In the *Finale* of *Don Giovanni* Mozart quotes a melody from an old Spanish opera, *Una cosa rara*, by Vincenzo Martin y Soler, which for a time had been a serious rival to *Figaro*, but which soon after disappeared altogether. In rescuing this opera from oblivion, Leopold Sachse, of Halle, presented the stage with a work of great melodic beauty, dramatic strength, and characteristic instrumentation, a work which might almost have been composed by Mozart himself. The audience, which numbered many professional critics and such connected with the stage, pronounced the opera a distinct gain to the repertoire of the theatre.

F. ERCKMANN.

#### NEW YORK

Perhaps it is the restlessness of the present age that accounts for the seemingly inordinate intrusion of so much ultra-modern music in our concert programmes. I use the word 'intrusion' instead of 'demand,' for those who crave the dissonances are few in comparison with those who love melodies and harmonies. A Beethoven-Tchaikovsky-Wagner programme is considered old-fashioned by the modernists, yet a sold-out house and overwhelming applause greets such programmes, while Schönberg's *Five Orchestral Pieces* (which have been five years in reaching New York, and which would never have been missed if the score had been lost in mid-ocean) are listened to with smiles and even audible giggles from those who endure them for the sake of what Mr. Stokowski provides for the rest of the evening. Hardly less offensive was Mulhaud's second Orchestral Suite, played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under M. Pierre Monteux. The third movement, called 'Pastorale,' was a good imitation of a barn-yard in great commotion, while the Nocturne following suggested exhaustion from the conflict rather than the soothing influence of night and sleep. Sometimes the ultra-modernists over-reach themselves, with ludicrous results. At a song recital, when four *Oriental Sketches* by Henry Eichheim were presented, the singer got mixed with her music, and sang one number while the orchestra played the accompaniment to another, but nobody seemed the wiser until she had nearly finished!

Mr. Albert Coates (who might be called the apostle of the modernists) has, as guest-conductor of the New York Symphony Society, given us some better things. *The Planets*, by Gustav Holst, though formidable and demanding close attention, deserves more than one hearing, for the one hearing holds our interest sufficiently to induce a desire for a second, though it would require a great stretch of imagination to find any relation between the composition and the solar system. Eugène Goossens's *Four Concerts*,

also produced by Mr. Coates, conveyed musical thoughts, though not very profound ones. A clever piece of modern work among those labelled 'first time anywhere,' played by the Philharmonic Society under M. Josef Stransky, was a Symphonic Fantasy called *In the Court of the Pomegranates*, by Emerson Whitthorne, a young American composer. The Fantasy is brilliantly written, and it is not hard to visualise the appearance of the Court with 'the scarlet blossoms of the pomegranates scattered on the pavements, strange and gaudy birds nesting in the cornices, and giant cacti raising their horned heads.'

Very interesting, and in many places very delightful, is Gustav Mahler's *Song of the Earth*, given by the Society of the Friends of Music, under the baton of M. Artur Bodanzky. Mahler called the work a 'Symphony with contralto and tenor solos.' The words are taken from Chinese poems of the 8th century, and deal with the intoxication of wine alternating with periods of reflection. The drinking songs have been put into German, and were admirably sung by Mrs. Charles Cahier and Mr. Orville Harrold. The score is strongly imbued with the spirit of the Orient. 'While the birds trill,' 'the Chinese teacups tinkle in the pavilion of green and white porcelain,' until finally the world sleeps and the temple gongs sound farewell.

At the Metropolitan Opera House Mr. Gatti lately produced Rimsky-Korsakov's *Snow Maiden*, with Signorina Lucrezia Bori in the chief part. It was written twenty years before *Cog d'Or*, and gives no intimation of Rimsky-Korsakov's later and more matured style.

For several years the Chicago Opera Company has made an annual visit to New York. It seldom introduces many novelties in composition, but often presents fresh and beautiful voices. Miss Edith Mason, an American soprano, who sang for some seasons at the Metropolitan, is now a member of the Chicago Company, and is delighting her audiences with the beauty of her voice. Mr. Edward Johnson, an American, is an exceptionally fine tenor, and Lucien Muratore seems to have no rival since the death of Caruso. Richard Strauss's *Salome* is being given this season by the Company, and though the work is not a novelty, it always produces something of a sensation and draws large and distinctively musical audiences. Yet *Salome* is not Richard Strauss at his best, nor is Miss Mary Garden at her best in the title-role. The Chicago Company is fortunate in having Signor Giorgio Polacco as chief conductor, as he is undoubtedly one of the best operatic conductors of the day.

From all the surfeit of digestible and indigestible modern music, we have sought and found relief and joy in the work of Hofmann and Kreisler, regardless of what they offered us. We must not entirely forget the newcomers, among whom none has given greater pleasure than that sterling English artist, Miss Myra Hess. She is a thorough musician, of fine intelligence, and has an excellent technique. Her repertoire is comprehensive, and she seems impartially to enjoy the old and the new, from Scarlatti to Ravel.

M. H. FLINT.

#### PARIS

Every week the concert-goer at Paris is able to map out his course well in advance, thanks to an admirable little periodical, *Le Guide du Concert*, which gives him a complete table of forthcoming events, with the full programmes and historical or analytical notes, generally quite useful. But those industriously-compiled lists only serve to drive home more forcibly the fact that it is impossible to attend every interesting concert that is given: three or four in the afternoon, four or five in the evening, day after day, is what confronts us. Despite all that is said about an uninterested and blasé Paris, those concerts, as a rule, are fairly well supported, and the musicians who give them must find it worth their while, for almost every week seems to bring with it an increase among competitors for halls and audiences.

At the Opéra has been produced Charles Silvert's *La Mère Apprivoisée*, a not unpleasing but conventionally operatic version of *The Taming of the Shrew*, with Mlle. Marthe Chenal as Catharina and M. Rouard as Petruchio. The Schola Cantorum has given a concert

performance of the whole of Pierre de Bréville's *Eros l'ainqueur*, a fine lyric-drama, legendary in character, produced at Brussels in 1910, but still awaiting its production in the composer's native country. At the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées the Swedish Ballets have reappeared. They have added to the many quaint things in their repertory a *Skating Rink* full of quaintness in a limited way, for which Arthur Honegger has contributed music far less baffling, and far less exciting, than that of his *Horace Victorieux*. Another novelty, unpretentious and pleasing, is *Dansgille*, founded on Norwegian folk-dances.

At the Concerts-Colonne have been given A. Borchard's Fantasy for pianoforte and orchestra, *Eskual Herria*, on Basque folk-tunes (the composer at the pianoforte), and Debussy's Fantasy for pianoforte and orchestra written at Rome in 1889-90, and revised by the composer at a late period of his life (Mlle. M. Long at the pianoforte). At the Concerts-Lamoureux M. Charles Kœchlin's Chorale for organ and orchestra was a welcome novelty. At the Concerts-Pasdeloup we have had no new works, but among items rarely heard both Paul Dukas's fine Symphony in C major and Sylvio Lazzari's impressive Prelude to *Armor* deserve special mention.

A few examples of British music were included in the month's budget, thanks chiefly to Mr. Howard-Jones's initiative. That excellent pianist has given two recitals here, at the first of which he played Ireland's Sonata, and at the second pieces by Goossens, Delius, Moeran, and Bax. Goossens's Suite for flute, violin, oboe, and harp was given at Marcel Grandjany's concert, and Cyril Scott's *Sonnet and Irish Dance* by Pierre Fol at a concert of L'Heure Musicale. I entirely agree with the suggestion recently made in the *Musical Times* by Mr. Calvocoressi that steps should be taken to submit contemporary British works to the committees of the Societies which exist here specially with a view to producing modern music. For the time being, British music is practically ignored. Meanwhile we could do with a few more propagandists as efficient and disinterested as Mr. Howard-Jones.

At the S.M.I. special interest attached to the first performance of five songs by a Japanese composer, Voshinori Matsuyama, and to Eugène Grassi's *Les Équinoxes*, which are impressive and delightful. Works by M. Destrez have been given at the Salle du Conservatoire (a Pianoforte Trio and songs) and at the Concerts-Lamoureux (a lyric poem, *Le Retour du Printemps*); works by A. Kullman, J. Pillois, and Georges Spörck, at the Société des Compositeurs; Honegger's Violin Sonata (very interesting) at the Heure Musicale.

Mlle. Janacopoulos's last recital, with its programme of works by Huc, E. Bloch, Milhaud, Ravel, Moussorgsky, and others, proved no less interesting than the foregoing. The same may be said of the last concert of the Société Olénine d'Alheim, at which Madame Olénine d'Alheim sang new songs by Honegger, and Mrs. Swainson songs by Roussel and Schmitt. At the Union Artistique an unusual item consisted of Troubadour songs (Ch. de Coucy, Thibaud de Champagne, and G. de Machant), harmonized by Ch. Neveu.

At the Lyceum Club M. Hans is producing a pianoforte with two keyboards invented by him. It would probably be interesting to compare it with the Emmanuel Moor instrument.

A. BOLD.

#### ROME

A concert recently given by the Amici della Musica aroused great interest, for the programme included a little-known work of Beethoven—a set of Variations on Mozart's air 'La ci darem' from *Don Giovanni*. These Variations have only seen the light since 1914, when Riemann discovered the MS. at Dresden.

At a concert of the Philharmonic Society, Signor Kenzo Silvestri played an ultra-modern composition of Santoliquido bearing the title *Ex humo ad Sidera*. Probably the intention of the composer was to represent the earth by the basses, the stars by the extreme high notes of the pianoforte, and the passage by rapid chromatic scales, where a direct jump was not sufficient. A babe would have recognised the servile imitation of Debussy, and the audience did not fail to

manifest its disapproval. The same composer, however, revealed himself as gifted with a certain personality in the song *Riflessi* sung by Signorina de Crisogono.

At the Sala Bach a cycle of three concerts illustrated the Sonata for violin and pianoforte, from its origin to our own day. The examples chosen were Corelli (in D), Bach (in A), Mozart (in G flat), Beethoven (in F), Schumann (in A minor), Brahms (in G), Grieg (in D minor), Franck (in A), Reger (in D minor), and Respighi (in B minor).

An excellent enterprise had birth on February 6, when, in the presence of the Queen Mother of Italy, the new Society of Wind Instruments for Chamber Music gave its first concert under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society. The programme was also of special interest to English-speaking musicians as containing a Quintet by Leo Sowerby, the young American composer who has just been awarded the American Prix de Rome. It is written for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, and fagotto, and divided into three movements—'gaily,' 'elegiac,' and 'fox-trot' manner. The composer has good talent, particularly in melodic treatment, and is likely to benefit by the advantages offered him by the American Scholarship.

It is pleasing to note the activities of the *Rivista Nazionale di Musica* as a sign of an awakening in the somewhat behindhand musical journalism of Italy. Founded and directed by a well-known musico-literary critic, Vito Raeli, the *Rivista* includes amongst its contributors some of the best-known writers of Italy, such as Cametti, Orefice, Gasco, Alaleona, R. de Angelis, Elisabeth Oddone, Dr. Zabughin, &c. It was this journal that gave the first notice of an interesting discovery made by Albert Cametti, viz., that Rubino Mallapert was the master of Palestrina when the latter was a singer in the Cappella Liberiana of Rome.

Polyglot concerts—the taste and utility of which may be questioned—are generally a feature of the Roman season. Latest on the list is that given at the Sala Bach on February 7 by a lady of German origin—and good contralto voice—Madame Eugenia Von Klemm, who sang in no less than seven languages (Italian, German, American, Swedish, Estonian, Greek, French, and Russian!). The American songs were *Croon, Croon, My Pickaninny Babe*, and *Ma Curly-headed Baby*.

The Roman Philharmonic Society has continued to provide programmes of high interest and performers of the first class. The principal visitor has been Paul Lyounet. His first programme was intended to illustrate the development of clavicembalo music, from the English virginalists to Bach, and included the following composers: Byrd, Bull, André de Chambonnières, Louis Couperin, Lulli, François Couperin, Scarlatti, Purcell, Rameau, Handel, J. S. Bach, and Friedemann Bach. A later programme included *La Plainte, au loin, du Faune* by Dukas, written as a tribute to the memory of Debussy, and intentionally recalling the noted *Après-midi*.

The well-known Society of the Quartet, of Naples, whose component members are Vincent Cantani, Vincent Parmiciano, S. Scarano, and Sergius Viterbui, has also been the guest of the Philharmonic and played Martucci's Quintet (Op. 45).

At the Sala Bach the principal event of the month has been a fine vocal and instrumental concert, organized and directed by the promising director of the hall, Dr. Ippolito Golante. The programme consisted of a Concerto Grosso by Handel, Bach's Cantata *Christ lag in Todesbanden*, an anonymous 17th century Motet, *Ecce Quam Bonum*, Pergolesi's *Salve Regina* for contralto, strings, and organ (the original form); and Scarlatti's Psalm *Dixit*. The concert was very successful, and was repeated by general request.

The 'Amia della Musica' at its fourth concert of the season presented Dohnányi's Sonata for violoncello and pianoforte, Martucci's Pianoforte Trio in C major, and the following works for pianoforte: Frescobaldi's *La Frescobaldi*, an Allegro by L. Rossi (1760), a Giga by G. M. Rutini (1730-91), *Il cuculo* by Pasquini (1637-1710), and a Caprice by Scarlatti.

On January 23 the musical section of the American Academy at Rome inaugurated a series of monthly musical reunions, the object of which will be to make American music known at Rome. About a hundred persons, including the principal musicians of Rome, accepted the invitation,

and Mario Corti, the Roman violinist, acted as soloist. The music included the following works by Leo Sowerby: Quintet in F major for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon; three transcriptions of Folk-songs and Country Dances for pianoforte, *Money Musk*, *Lord Rendal*, and *Irish Washerwomen*; Sonata in B flat major for violin and pianoforte. As was said above, Sowerby is the young composer who has recently come to Rome on the newly created musical 'bourse' in the American Academy.

At the Augusteum, the eagerly awaited commemoration of Luigi Mancinelli (who died on February 2, 1921) took place on February 26 under the able direction of Bernardine Molinari. The first part of the programme was devoted to an interesting revival of eight movements from Vivaldi's *Concert of the Seasons* for string orchestra, cembalo, and organ. The second part was entirely devoted to music of Mancinelli, and consisted of the children's chorus and the Final Hymn from *Isaiah* (written for the Norwich Festival of 1887), a scene from *Frate Sole* for cinema and orchestra, the Berceuse from *Tizianello* (1880), sung by Madame Pasetti, a dance from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (the last melodramatic work of the deceased master), a movement from the *Venetian Scenes* (1888), *The Bacchanale* for choir and orchestra from *Hero and Leander*, written for the Norwich Festival of 1896, and the ever-fresh and welcome Overture to *Cleopatra* (1877), undoubtedly one of the compositions destined to preserve the memory of Luigi Mancinelli.

For the other concerts, it is to be recorded that the Augusteum has been the scene of two fierce artistic battles this month, the one occasioned by Alfredo Casella's playing of his new—very new!—musical poem *A notte alta*, and the second by Bruno Walter's presentation of Schönberg's *Transfigured Night*. Howls, whistles, shouts, and the general accompaniment of epithets by which the Roman public makes its sentiments felt marked the reception of both these works, which, it must be confessed, well-merited such attention! At the Costanzi the principal event has been the revival of Strauss's *Rosen Kavalier* after eleven years.

LEONARD PEYTON.

## TORONTO

It has fallen to the lot of Toronto during the past few months to hear some new and essentially modern music. Under the auspices of the rapidly developing Chamber Music Society, the Flonzaley Quartet played to a packed house—truly an event for a chamber concert here—of nearly three thousand people, and chose for one of its chief items the Eugène Goossens Phantasy Quartet, Op. 12. This work shows clearly the trend of the present-day English composer, and both in thought and construction proved very interesting to musicians who are not lucky enough to hear very much of the recent contributions from England.

To Mr. Albert Coates there fell a double honour—that of introducing what is perhaps one of the most impressive orchestral works of the time, Gustav Holst's *The Planets*, and also of showing what a guest-conductor of the young modern school can do with an orchestra which has not one of the best reputations even in its native city. The interpretation of this Symphonic Suite by the New York Symphony Orchestra was as remarkable as it was competent. Mr. Coates received one of the heartiest ovations Toronto has ever given to a conductor. The audience simply lost control. The impressions of most people seemed to be in favour of 'The Magician,' the fifth movement, for its original construction and material, the fourth 'Mercury,' for atmosphere and musical conception, and 'Mars' for mastery of rhythm. But rather in vain did the critic strain his senses for something which could definitely be termed 'Gustav Holst.' Perhaps in this age of rapid musical development it is unfair to ask for too much from a pioneer. One point, however, could not be overlooked—the composer's remarkable grip of orchestration. A second hearing might be more enlightening.

Enhancing his past reputation, Mr. Campbell McInnes delighted a large audience with a comprehensive reading of Schubert's song-cycle, *A Winter's Tale*. Educationally,

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this fourth Nine o'Clock gave Toronto a chance of hearing what otherwise would probably have remained remote.

Two choral concerts have been given recently. The Toronto Operatic Chorus, under the direction of Signor Carboni, was heard in *Aida*, and the National Chorus, under Dr. Ham, showed careful training in an *à cappella* programme. Miss Jeanne Gordon, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was the contralto, and certainly revealed musicianship and personality above the usual platform standard. The numbers included: *A Morning Song of Praise and On Jordan's Banks* (Bruch); *The Outgoing of the Fishermen's Boats* (H. S. Robertson); *Eili, Eili* (traditional Yiddish melody, arranged by Kurt Schindler); *Sea-drift* (Coleridge-Taylor); *Now Sinks the Sun* (St. Christopher), by Horatio Parker, which has been performed at the Worcester and Bristol Festivals; and *Awake, Sweet Love and Now is the Month of Maying*, by Morley.

'Rapidly developing' is the phrase used above in connection with the Chamber Music Society. The truth of this statement was clearly illustrated in the second local concert given at the Arts and Letters Club by the Toronto String Quartet, led by Mr. Frank Blatchford. For the first time in this city the Elgar Quintet, Op. 84, for pianoforte and strings, was heard and more appreciated than any other new work here this season. Profiting by the performances of the Letz, London, and Flonzaley Quartets, the style of playing and strength of interpretation of the local body showed very marked improvement upon previous performances.

Miss Myra Hess made a great impression at her recital with the Toronto Women's Musical Society. Her programme included works of Chopin, Scarlatti, Debussy, and Bach. She is undoubtedly the most talented and finished lady-pianist ever heard in this city.

From February 20 to 22 the Mendelssohn Choir held its twenty-fifth Anniversary Festival, assisted by the Philadelphia Orchestra (Leopold Stokowski). The works can only be mentioned, as space does not permit of any detail. These were: the Bach Motet, *Sing Ye*; Berlioz's *Faust*; Vaughan Williams's *Sea Symphony* (Parts 2 and 3); *Ave Maria*, Arcadelt; *Judge me, O God*, Mendelssohn; *An Indian Lullaby*, Dr. A. S. Vogt; *Love's Tempest*, Elgar; *The Men of Harlech*, Somervell-Schindler; *The Fairies*, Fricker; *Scots Wha Ha'e*, Leslie; *Lach Lomond*, Vaughan Williams; *London Town*, German; *Festival Te Deum*, Gustav Holst; *Blest Pair of Sirens*, Parry; *Bless the Lord, O My Soul*, Ippolitov-Ivanov; *The Fairy*, Vivian Hamilton; *The Miracle of St. Raymond*, Kurt Schindler; *Sleep, My Pretty One*, Ferrari; *Old King Cole*, Forsyth; *The Wreck of the 'Julie Plante'*, Geoffrey O'Hara; *Meistersinger*; *An Erisky Love Lilt*, Robertson.

## VIENNA

### THE VOLKSOPER

In my February letter I gave some particulars of the Staatsoper. Our second operatic theatre is the Volksoper, which is situated in the outer districts of the city, thus clearly indicating its true mission. The idea leading to the foundation of this opera house, in 1905, was to supply the middle and lower classes with good operatic performances at moderate prices. One of the promoters of the Volksoper scheme, and incidentally the first director of the house, was Rainer Simons, a clever theatrical manager with a keen perception of the needs and possibilities of such an enterprise. He understood from the outset that the purpose of the smaller and more modest Volksoper, with its limited financial means, could not be in competition with the luxurious and spacious Staatsoper, as regards lavishness of scenery and staging, but rather the presentation of well-rounded performances, chiefly of the great classic operas, sung and acted by a well-balanced and thoroughly efficient ensemble not of stars but of young and ambitious singers capable of carrying the message of the masters to the minds of the masses. He was aided in his work by an almost unflinching sense for genuine talent, and many a singer whom he discovered and engaged for his Company has since acquired international fame. Having built up a comprehensive repertoire of the standard operas, M. Simons proceeded to enlarge the scope of his programme by adding

interesting novelties of contemporary composers which were unduly neglected by the Staatsoper, and thus acquired for his theatre a clientele comprising both working people and musical connoisseurs. In 1917 M. Simons fell a victim to various unfavourable circumstances. His successor, who failed utterly, resigned a year later. It was then, immediately preceding the great 1918 Revolution, that Richard Strauss was appointed Director of the Staatsoper, and that the financial backers of the Volksoper, prompted by an ill-applied spirit of ambitious rivalry, induced Felix Weingartner to assume the directorship of their house. Once before Weingartner, who is principally a symphonic conductor, had attempted an operatic career when he directed, with small success and for a short period, the then Imperial Opera of this city. Undaunted by his first failure, he now decided to try his luck once more as an operatic manager.

Both Strauss and Weingartner were doomed to failure. It was probably unfair to demand from Strauss a knowledge of the practical requirements of theatrical management. Lack of practical theatrical experience also is, at least partly, responsible for Weingartner's mishap at the Volksoper. For the rest, his failure is due to his apparently declining powers as a conductor attendant upon his increasing age and, most of all perhaps, to the peculiar state of Austria's economic conditions. His income at the Volksoper is small as compared to the tempting salaries offered him for his South American and European tours, and these have more and more distracted his energies from his duties at the Volksoper. Weingartner has frequently been absent from his theatre for four or five consecutive months, relinquishing his office to irresponsible agents and second-rate conductors. Rehearsals were neglected, bad performances became the rule, and hardly any novelties were produced at his theatre of late, with the single exception of Weingartner's own *Genesius*, a thirty years old opera which proved to be an uninspired and antiquated medley of Wagnerian motives, and consisting mainly of 'Kapellmeistermusik.' Worst of all, the Volksoper has gradually forgotten its avowed purpose as a theatre for the masses. Prices were raised to such an extent as almost to equal those of the Staatsoper, but the repertoire grew dull and uninteresting. Finally he reverted to producing the popular operas of the ubiquitous Puccini, but even these would not attract the crowd, which preferred to attend the more spectacular performances of these works given at the Staatsoper at similar prices. Thus the present situation of the Volksoper is most critical and, according to well-founded rumour, Weingartner intends shortly to resign his post at that house.

#### THE PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

Besides the Volksoper, Weingartner is also governing the destinies of the Philharmonic Orchestra which, in addition to doing nightly duty at the Staatsoper, gives a series of subscription concerts every season. Many consider the Vienna Philharmonic the greatest orchestra in the world, and while a certain over-estimation of this organization has become the rule among local patriots, it is surely to be regarded as one of the best of European orchestras and, at any rate, the foremost orchestral body at Vienna. Thus it is all the more painful to admit that the fluctuating state of affairs at present prevailing in this country, and the deplorable general decay resulting from the existing disorder, economic and political, have affected even this precious relic of a glorious past. Many of the most important of its members have accepted favourable offers from foreign countries, and Arnold Rosé, the Konzertmeister of the Orchestra, has practically left the organization for the sake of extended concert tours with his celebrated Quartet. The traditional dislike of rehearsals, which has been a privilege of the Philharmonic Orchestra's members even in old times, has grown beyond precedent, and Weingartner, all too often absent from the city, seems to lack the authority and energy required to combat this spirit. In view of Weingartner's alleged intention definitely to leave Vienna in the near future, the question arises as to his successor. According to the unanimous verdict of public and press, this should be no other than Wilhelm Furtwängler.

#### FURTWÄNGLER

Notwithstanding the popularity of Richard Strauss, the commanding figure of Vienna's musical life to-day is unquestionably Furtwängler. Three years ago he came here from Mannheim almost unheralded to succeed Oscar Nedbal as leader of the Tonkünstler Orchestra's subscription series, and within the short space of time which has since elapsed has succeeded in practically breaking the supremacy previously held by Weingartner and his Philharmonic Orchestra. The Tonkünstler series—the public has become accustomed to calling them 'Furtwängler concerts'—pure and simple—is sold out twice for the entire year, and is ranked among the great events of the season, even in spite of the quality of the Orchestra which, though of fair standing, is not at all equal to that of the Philharmonic. The miracles which Furtwängler accomplishes with this body of players may best be judged by hearing the Orchestra play under any other leader. Ever since growing financial difficulties forced the Tonkünstler and Konzertverein Orchestras to merge—the combined forces bearing the name of 'Vienna Symphony Orchestra'—the two rival societies promoting these two series are, strangely enough, employing the same orchestra for their respective concerts. This affords an opportunity for hearing the same orchestra play under Furtwängler at the Tonkünstler concerts, and under Löwe on the Konzertverein evenings. Löwe is rather an exponent of a conservative older school, who excels in his readings—always authoritative, but never brilliant—of Brahms and Bruckner, which composers he prides himself in having numbered among his close personal friends. He is not at all a great conductor, but a sincere and earnest musician. If present plans materialise, Löwe is soon to retire to his other post as head of the Austrian State Conservatory of Music, of which he has been director for three years. The Singakademie, which is the choral section of the Konzertverein, has recently been united with the Philharmonic Chorus, formerly led by Franz Schreker, and the conductor of the combine is Bruno Walter, *chief* of the Munich Opera, who started his career at the Vienna Imperial Opera under Mahler. Furtwängler, besides his duties with the Tonkünstler Orchestra, has succeeded Franz Schalk (now co-director with Strauss at the Staatsoper) as leader of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde choral concerts, alternating there with Leopold Reichwein, who was formerly a conductor at the Staatsoper, but is now chiefly engaged in the more lucrative work of composing musical comedies for Viennese operetta theatres.

#### TWO POUNDS A MONTH

The orchestra undertaking all these concerts is the Symphony Orchestra already referred to, which is furthermore giving two popular concerts every Sunday afternoon, besides collaborating in a series of so-called Workers' Concerts, promoted by the Socialist Party of Austria in conjunction with the Austrian Government. These latter concerts, however, do not merely benefit the working classes. They also rally wide intellectual circles—professors, doctors, and students—who are at present practically excluded from attending the expensive concerts which are the rule here. In view of the tremendously important rôle which falls to the lot of the Symphony Orchestra, the news that this organization is now labouring under serious financial straits must be considered a national calamity. The State subsidy granted the Orchestra of less than two million crowns annually, and the annual municipal subsidy amounting to half a million crowns, have proved utterly insufficient to defray the growing deficit, although the monthly salary of each individual player amounts only to the pitiful sum of 71,000 kröner, which is approximately £2.

#### PERFORMING NEW WORKS

A Society which has been in existence for many years, having been founded by no less a personage than Johannes Brahms, has come forward recently with a timely new venture. The organization referred to is the Tonkünstler-Verein, which has resumed work, after some years of comparative retirement, with a very definite programme worthy of hearty commendation. By a series of concerts it



proposes to give a hearing to the works of young and aspiring composers whose works are now precluded from public production owing to the high expense connected with such undertakings. The meetings of the Society are open to members and their friends without restraint, the membership fee is very low, and the best artists have volunteered their services for the cause of our rising composers, who will benefit by this enterprise not less than the musically-interested public. The organization seems destined to play an important part in the musical development of the city, far more so, for instance, than Arnold Schönberg's Society for the Promotion of Private Musical Performances. This organization—which was based on the autocratic principles of that firm believer in an aristocracy of art, Arnold Schönberg, and which strove for effectiveness within the narrow realm of a limited coterie of fanatics—has, for the present at least, suspended its activities owing to lack of funds. Even a genius like Schönberg will some day awake to the fact that great movements, musical or otherwise, though they originate with the elect few, are dependent upon the support of the masses in order to become productive. He will probably find that the necessary financial support for his aims will flow lavishly so soon as he decides to make his Society a matter of general public concern instead of, as has been the case heretofore, an affair governed solely by his own supreme, and at times erratic, will and supported exclusively by a small clique of his blindly and unconditionally devoted personal partisans.

PAUL BECHERT.

#### EARLY CHARTERS OF INCORPORATION GRANTED TO MUSICIANS

BY MURIEL SILBURN

(Continued from March number, page 235)

Another interesting example of the incorporation of executant musicians at an early period is found in the Tutbury Minstrels, who were incorporated by John of Gaunt, King of Castile and Duke of Lancaster, in 1381, during the reign of Richard II. This deed was known by the title of *Carta le Roy de Minstrals*, and applied to all the musicians within the 'honour' of Tutbury—an area comprising the counties of Stafford, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, and Warwick. Hawkins gives an exhaustive account of this corporation, most of which is taken from Dr. Plot, the historian of Staffordshire, who was an eyewitness of the proceedings of the Tutbury Minstrels in 1680, thus proving that the customs established by the Charter of 1381 prevailed for three hundred years at least. The head of this body was known by the title of King of the Minstrels, and was supported by a bailiff and four under-officers or stewards. The election of officers took place yearly on the Eve of the Assumption, at Tutbury Castle. The proceedings began with an attendance at divine service; returning thence to the Castle, the roll was called; after which a jury of twenty-four—twelve representing Staffordshire, and twelve the other counties—was empanelled for hearing any 'plaints, or cause,' also for imposing fines for non-attendance and breaking the rules, and for the granting of licenses. The next procedure was the election of the officers, which was an annual procedure, followed by a banquet. Sports and pastimes were next in order, and a loathsomely full account of a bull-baiting is given by Hawkins. The charge by the steward to the jurors on such points as Dr. Plot mentions seems worthy of quotation:

'Then, to move them better to mind their duties to the King, and their own good, the steward proceeds to give them their charge, first commending to their consideration the Original of all Musick, both Wind and String Musick; the antiquity and excellence of both; setting forth the force of it upon the affections by diverse examples; how the use of it has always been allowed, as is plain from holy writ; in praising and glorifying God; and the skill in it always esteemed so considerable that it is still accounted in the schools one of the liberal arts and allowed in all godly Christian Commonwealths: where by the way he

commonly takes notice of the statute, which reckons some musicians amongst vagabonds and rogues: giving them to understand that such societies as theirs, thus legally found and governed by laws, are by no means intended by that statute, for which reason the Minstrels belonging to the manor of Dutton, in the county palatine of Chester, are expressly excepted in that Act. Exhorting them upon this account to preserve their reputation: to be very careful to make choice of such men to be officers amongst them as fear God, are of good life and conversation, and have knowledge and skill in the practice of their art.'

It will be seen that the real object of the musicians' corporations was to act as a protective scheme against uncontrolled and vagabond minstrels. A commission granted by Elizabeth in 1507 for the protection of the Welsh bards, furnishes proof of this. The deed begins by declaring that:

'... it is come to the knowledge of the Lord President . . . that vagrant and idle Persons, naming themselves Minstrels, Rhymers, and Bards, are lately grown into such intolerable multitude within the Principality of North Wales that not only gentlemen and others by their shameless disorders are oftentimes disquieted in their Habitations, but also the expert Minstrels and Musicians in Tonge and Cynnyngthereby much discouraged to travaile in the Exercise and Practise of their Knowledge, and also not a little hindred [of] Livings and preferment.'

To meet this state of affairs Elizabeth granted a commission to certain persons named, who were to utter a proclamation 'in all fairs, market towns, and other places of assembly' within the five most northerly counties of Wales that all persons 'that intend to maintain their living by name or colour of Minstrels, Rhymers, or Bards' shall appear before the commissioners. Calling to their aid 'men expert in the Faculty of Welsh Music,' the said Commissioners were then to appoint such as they deemed worthy, to 'use, exercise, and follow, the Science and Faculty of their Profession.' To those deemed unfit they were to give 'strenight Monition and Commandment, in our Name, and on our Behalf, that they return to some honest labour. . . . such as they be apt unto for the Maintenance of their Living, upon pain to be taken as rude idle Vagabonds, and to be used according to the Laws and Statutes provided in that behalf.' This commission was signed by Elizabeth at Chester. Whether Her Majesty was petitioned on the subject we are not told.

It now remains to speak of the charters granted by the Kings of England for the protection of the musicians of the land. These charters, we are told, owe their existence to the fact that certain persons gained access to the houses of the wealthy by representing themselves to be members of the King's Minstrels. Accounts of Royal Minstrels extend as far back at least as the time of Edward III.; it is said that at the marriage festivities of that monarch's daughter, Margaret, as many as four hundred and twenty-six musicians were assembled. The earliest Royal Charter (the origin of which is explained above) was issued under the Great Seal of the Realm of England in 1472-73, by Edward IV., and provides that certain persons, the King's Minstrels, shall be 'in deed and name one body and cominalty, perpetual and capable in law, and should have perpetual succession.' The corporation was governed by a Marshal—a post held for life—and two wardens, who were elected annually. Their jurisdiction apparently comprised the whole of England—with the exception of the County of Cheshire, where the minstrels were already a corporate body, as we have seen. Their duty was 'the survey, scrutine, correction, and government of all and singular the musicians within the kingdom.' Speaking of this charter, in Sandys's and Forster's *History of the Violin* it is declared that 'it did not prove of much benefit, and they [the minstrels] contrived to lose their reputation by the time of Elizabeth.' Surely an erroneous statement: far from not proving of much benefit it is 'the one charter' from which sprang all that came after.

The next charter that was granted by Royalty appears to have been obtained by the musicians of London from James I., in prejudice to the rights granted by Edward IV. to the musicians of the entire kingdom. According to Hawkins: "James I., though it does not appear that he understood or loved music, yet was disposed to encourage it; for, after the example of Charles IX. of France—who in 1570 had founded a Musical Academy—he, by his letters patent, incorporated the musicians of London, who are still a society and corporation." From this charter, therefore, the Musicians' Company originates, not from that of Edward IV., as is commonly stated.

(To be continued.)

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## MUSIC:

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